

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE
MACLEAN'S

September 1, 1950

Ten Cents

**MACKENZIE KING
AS I KNEW HIM**

*Blair Fraser's
Exclusive Story*



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EDITORIALS

For Mr. King's Monument, Look at Canada, 1950

IT'S ODD and rather disturbing to note how fast a man can recede into history. Less than two years ago William Lyon Mackenzie King was still Prime Minister of Canada; little more than a month ago people were still asking when he would finish his memoirs. Today he seems already as much a figure of the past—albeit as great a figure—as John A. Macdonald or Wilfrid Laurier.

One reason is the coincidental fact that his public career exactly covered the first half of the 20th century. Mackenzie King was sworn in as a deputy minister in 1900—an obscure office in a little agricultural country of five million people. Our armed strength, such as it was, consisted of British regulars plus a minus-culture territorial militia. Its sole exploit, and a rather inglorious one, had been to subdue a group of rebel half-breeds in Saskatchewan who were outnumbered by about five to one. Even Canada's part in the South African war was still in the future.

Few people of English speech called themselves Canadians—we were "British subjects," members of an Empire (not Commonwealth) on which the sun never set. Our Governor-General was not then the personal representative of the Crown, the symbol of a symbol; he was an active and often domineering agent of the British Government, responsible to the Colonial Secretary. Canada was still regarded, even by most Canadians, as a British colony.

More than any man of his time, Mackenzie King changed all that. Sir Robert Borden laid the cornerstone when he won for Canada the right to sign the Treaty of Versailles, but King

built the superstructure. That famous Balfour Declaration of 1926, creating the Commonwealth as a community of "autonomous nations equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another," may have been written by Lord Balfour but the concept and the work were Mackenzie King's.

Autonomy was won; it remained to create that national integrity, that unified loyalty that we mean by the phrase, "Canadian unity."

There is still even now over his dead body bitter argument about the policies Mr. King adopted at the various stages of the conscription crisis during the last war. His critics, who included this magazine, thought other and stronger courses were feasible. Mackenzie King's makeshift recruiting procedures created bitter political strife but they did bring Canada through a war and a great internal crisis without letting events drive an irremovable wedge between English and French.

Even as his last illness struck him this country was turning suddenly to meet a new crisis—one more reason why Mackenzie King and his era dropped so quickly into the historic past.

But as we gird for the new task we do not forget. If Canada is strong today, strong enough that the whole world looks to us for resolute action, that is in no small degree the achievement of Mackenzie King. We had the raw material, human and economic; we'd have grown anyway, no doubt. Nevertheless, it was under his leadership that we did grow. Had we failed the blame would have fallen on him. That we did not fail must be, to the same extent, a proof of his greatness.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Always the last
to be let in!



HERE it was again : . . the same old run-around . . . waiting for hours, watching other men shoved in ahead of him. He was always the last to be let in; it was as if they wanted to put off seeing him as long as they could. Gregory never knew why*.

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MADE IN CANADA

Maclean's MOVIES



CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

WITH this issue Maclean's begins a comprehensive, honest — and of necessity fairly opinionated — guide to most of the motion pictures now showing in most of Canada's first- and second-run theatres in its cities, towns and villages. For convenience they're listed alphabetically. Pictures of recent release are reviewed in capsule when they first appear in Maclean's Movies. As long as they remain in more or less general circulation they will appear in the summary.

THE ASPHALT JUNGLE: Writer-director John Huston shows his mettle in a taut and graphic tale of big-city criminals and their women.

THE ASTONISHED HEART (British): Noel Coward, as a tiresomely garrulous psychiatrist, deserts his true-blue wife for another woman. Much of the dialogue is so brittle it falls apart.

THE BIG LIFT: There's a lot of rather shallow chatter about democracy-vs.-fascism in this, but there is also an interesting close-up of the Berlin airlift.

BRIGHT LEAF: Cigarette-tycoon Gary Cooper crushes cigar-czar Donald Crisp and captures his imperious daughter (Patricia Neal) in a handsome but draggy melodrama.

BROKEN ARROW: James Stewart marries an Apache beauty and Hollywood pays a somewhat belated tribute to the noble redskin. A suspenseful, conscientious outdoor drama.

FATHER OF THE BRIDE: Spencer Tracy makes the most of his best role in years — as a fond papa whose daughter's nuptials almost drive him into the nut house and the poorhouse.

KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS (British): Alec Guinness plays all eight of the aristocrats whom Dennis Price marks for death because they stand between him and a dukedom. A bland, literate comedy, not for the kiddies.

NIGHT AND THE CITY: Granite-faced wrestler Stanislaus Zbyszko, 73, is both violent and majestic in this harsh story of the London underworld. Richard Widmark stars.

OUR VERY OWN: Only occasionally does sentiment slop over into sentimentality in this wholesome, smoothly confected drama about an adopted daughter. A big, solid picture all the family will enjoy.

PRELUDE TO FAME (British): There is astonishing realism in the acting of young Jeremy Spenser as a boy-prodigy symphony conductor whose future is menaced by an ambitious woman. Vivid concert-hall atmosphere.

THE SKIPPER SURPRISED HIS WIFE: Hollywood has latched on a mushy "mommy knows best" ending to this engaging little comedy about a salty commander who dismisses his family by applying naval efficiency to housework.

STARS IN MY CROWN: A two-fisted parson (Joel McCrea) battles mob hysteria, a typhoid epidemic and Satan's wiles. Pleasantly honest one moment, shamelessly corny the next.

THE WOMAN ON PIER 13: Robert Ryan, as a shipping executive who used to be a Communist brawler, tangles confusingly with Moscow's minions in San Francisco.

GILMOUR RATES —

All the King's Men: Drama. Excellent.
The Big Hangover: Comedy. Fair.
The Big Wheel: Action. Fair.
Chain Lightning: Action. Fair.
Cheaper by the Dozen: Comedy. Fair.
Children Hundreds: Comedy. Good.
Cinderella: Fantasy. Excellent.
City Lights (re-issue): Comedy. Excellent.
Colt .45: Western. Poor.
Comanche Territory: Western. Good.
Curtain Call at Cactus Creek: Comedy. Good.
D.O.A.: Drama. Fair.
Facts of Love: Comedy. Good.
Francis: Farce. Fair.
Golden Twenties: Historical. Good.
The Good Humor Man: Farce. Fair.
Great Rupert: Comedy. Poor.
Guilty of Treason: Drama. Fair.
Gunfighter: Action. Fair.
Hasty Heart: Drama. Good.
Holiday Affair: Romance. Fair.
In a Lonely Place: Drama. Fair.
The Informer (re-issue): Drama. Excellent.
Intruder in the Dust: Drama. Good.
Jackie Robinson Story: Baseball. Fair.
Key to the City: Comedy. Fair.
Kill the Umpire: Farce. Poor.
Lost Boundaries: Drama. Good.
Love That Brute: Comedy. Poor.
Man on the Eiffel Tower: Suspense. Fair.

Miss Grant Takes Richmond: Comedy. Fair.
Montana: Western. Fair.
Morning Departure (British): Drama. Fair.
Mother Didn't Tell Me: Comedy. Poor.
My Foolish Heart: Romance. Fair.
My Friend Irma Goes West: Comedy. Fair.
No Sad Songs For Me: Drama. Fair.
The Outriders: Western. Fair.
Peggy: Comedy. Poor.
Perfect Strangers: Romance. Fair.
The Reformer and the Redhead: Comedy. Fair.
Riding High: Comedy. Good.
Rocket Ship XM: Drama. Fair.
The Secret Fury: Drama. Poor.
The Sheriff's Daughter: Comedy. Good.
Stage Fright: Suspense. Good.
State Department File 649: Drama. Fair.
Stromboli (Italian): Drama. Poor.
Sundowners: Western. Fair.
The Third Man (British): Drama. Good.
Tight Little Island (British): Comedy. Excellent.
Three Came Home: Drama. Good.
Twelve O'Clock High: Drama. Excellent.
Under My Skin: Drama. Fair.
Wabash Avenue: Musical. Fair.
When Willie Comes Marching Home: Comedy. Excellent.
Woman in Hiding: Suspense. Fair.
A Woman of Distinction: Comedy. Fair.
The Yellow Cab Man: Farce. Fair.
Young Man With a Horn: Musical. Fair.

Around the Home ...



CORNER TRELLIS

A SECLUDED CORNER SEAT AND TRELLIS •
7' FROM GROUND TO TOP OF UPPER LEDGE
SLATS AND UPRIGHTS : 1 1/8" x 2 1/4" —
SEAT 2" THICK, 18" FROM GROUND. EACH SIDE
OF SEAT ALONG WALL OR FENCE IS 2'4" — CUT
FROM CORNER TO CORNER ON FRONT SIDE



TOM GARD'S NOTE BOOK

One of the best ideas I have seen for a garden trellis in a small backyard combines the trellis with a corner garden seat. It was most attractive.

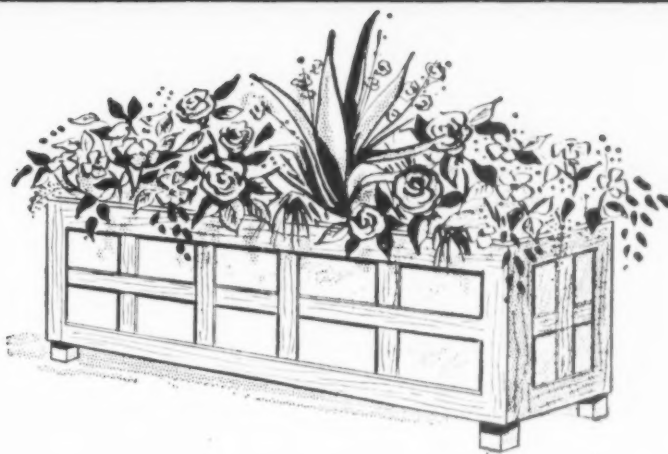
Have taken away the bareness from the front steps with plants in boxes on the veranda pillars. Two designs are shown. These are built around old tin biscuit boxes in which plants or ferns are placed.

Christmas is still a long way off—but my sister is thinking of it. Found her making very attractive jewel cases as gifts for some of her friends—out of tin powder boxes and cardboard cheese boxes.

Now thoughts of gardeners begin to turn indoors. One idea I'm working on is a large fernery for my picture window—so that I'll be able to enjoy an indoor garden all winter.

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For more information on these and many other ideas — write Tom Gard, Dept. P, Molson's Brewery Limited, P.O. Box 1600, Place d'Armes, Montreal, for the illustrated booklet "Around the Home."

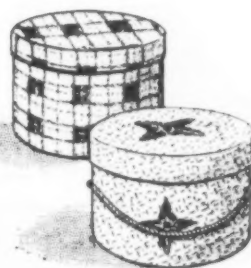


FERNERY OR BOX OF FLOWERS FOR THE PICTURE WINDOW

WIDTH — 10"
HEIGHT — 8"
LENGTH — 36" OR 40"
CORNERS, PINE — 2" x 2"
FEET — 2"
SLATS — 1/4" x 1 1/2"

THE INSIDE MAY BE SHEETED
WITH 1/4" PLYWOOD AND
TRIMMED WITH THE SLATS.
SHALLOW GALVANIZED PAN TO
HOLD WATER GRAVEL FOR
DRAINAGE. FOR SOIL — A
MIXTURE OF SAND, LOAM AND
LEAF MOULD, MIXED WELL.

BOXES OF BEAUTY FOR FERNS OR PLANTS



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BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

Uncle Sam Thinks We Let Him Down

By BLAIR FRASER

Maclean's Ottawa Editor

WHATEVER you think of Canada's role in Korea—whether it's been too small, too big, or just right—one fact is undeniable: as a public relations job it was not so good. Our relations with the U. S. would have been strained anyway; circumstances conspired to make matters worse.

It was unlucky, for instance, that on the day Trygve Lie, the secretary-general of UN, issued his appeal for ground forces Prime Minister St. Laurent and Defense Minister Brooke Claxton were both away—out fishing, we were told. Actually, Claxton had more urgent matters in hand. He was in Newfoundland consulting U. S. commanders on important defense decisions and the trip was a real success. We heard little of that at the time.

St. Laurent really was out fishing, but his colleagues say "Why not?" He was tired after the session and needed a rest.

Neither he nor anyone else had any warning of Trygve Lie's appeal—it was blazoned in the Press 24 hours before even the message itself reached Ottawa. Lie took that action as a result of American pressure and Canada, for one, was aghast at a UN employee taking such initiative. One cabinet minister privately called Lie's action "unthinkable." "You don't just spring things like that on member governments," he added. "Lie should at least have consulted those countries, like Canada, who were already taking an active part."

But if Lie was unorthodox Ottawa's reaction was hardly adroit. One reporter put in a long-distance call to the Prime Minister at his summer home. The P.M. answered the phone himself. Asked to comment on Lie's appeal he replied, "I wish reporters wouldn't bother me when I'm on holiday," and hung up.

That was a Friday. Cabinet met to consider the request—on schedule the following Wednesday. St. Laurent hadn't intended to come back for that meeting but in view of the circumstances he did. It broke up in time for him and the other vacationing ministers to catch their trains.

His formal statement said transport planes would be sent, ground troops would not; meanwhile, Canada's whole defense program was

being accelerated. That was mimeographed and handed out half an hour later. Orally, the P.M. had only one thing to say as he left the East Block:

"Well, gentlemen, I hope to be out fishing again the day after tomorrow."

It remained for the Directorate of Public Relations (Army) to add an inadvertent footnote. Two days later they announced "Exercise Shoo-fly," involving one officer and 10 other ranks, to test summer gear in the Arctic.

"Army officers feel," said the Press release, "that this exercise has been aptly named . . ."

HOW MUCH this ostentatious calm was deliberate, how much accidental, I don't know. It may have been meant to reassure Canada that we were not being rushed into a war and to forestall any outcry from isolationists. If so it may have been useful at home.

Abroad it was not useful. Ottawa's apparent lethargy created a very bad impression in Washington.

Some people in Ottawa deny this. They say Canada is doing all she can and that Americans know this and accept it. Individual Yanks who grumble that Canada's dragging her

feet are just ignorant characters who "don't know what's going on at the top level."

I've talked to several men just back from Washington and they don't agree. They all report after careful enquiry that Washington was disappointed. Americans had regarded Canadians as the one people they could rely on; they feel we let them down.

"The climate in the two capitals is as different as the equator from the north pole," said one returning visitor. "Down there everybody is working under extreme pressure. Up here the motto seems to be 'Holidays as usual.' Americans just cannot understand it."

Mike Pearson, in a speech the night of Trygve Lie's appeal, said Canada's contribution of three destroyers was "no mere token." He meant it too. If one of those destroyers should be sunk Canadian loss of life would be more than all Americans killed in the first month of hostilities. However, the remark got a sour response in Washington. One State Department man said, "Okay, let's call it three tokens." The wisecrack was picked up immediately and might be called the unofficial U. S. reaction to the Pearson statement.

"My postman told me the other

day he'd delivered five draft notices before he got to my place," an American said. "That was one morning's work for one postman. Reserve units are being called up all over the place. Casualty lists are coming in and more will be coming before long. We need help. We can't understand why we're not getting it."

WHAT'S Ottawa's answer to this American criticism?

Privately, you get a story different from the public statements. It's a lot less sanctimonious, but it makes a bit better sense. Roughly, it goes like this:

Back in 1946, when the hope of peace faded and defense plans were laid, Canada decided to build for the longer future instead of spending huge amounts on a large "force in being." This was a joint decision with London and Washington; to a considerable extent the other two countries followed the same line.

Accordingly, Canada put most of her defense budget into research on weapons and equipment. Her existing force was limited deliberately, with the full agreement of the U. S. and Britain, to the minimum needed to deal with the maximum force the Russians (in our judgment) could quickly land on Canadian soil. We have rather less than that minimum now recruited; half of those we have are fully trained, the rest about half trained.

At no time since hope was abandoned for a United Nations police force had anybody suggested that Canada should play any part in anything less than a full-scale war. For a war Ottawa had plans ready.

Ottawa had no plans for a half-war. Why? Because, said one Defense spokesman, "it takes a very big, very wealthy country to wage a half-war. You can't set up supply lines and reinforcements for a very small force; it has to be above a certain minimum. That minimum is too big for a country like ours to support on anything short of an all-out war footing."

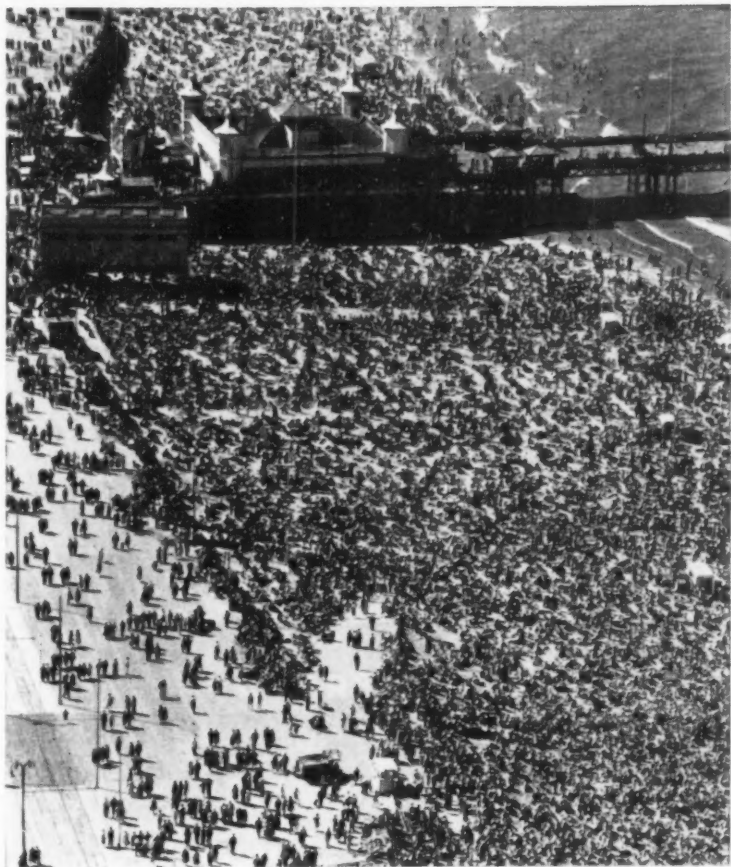
For Canada to maintain a brigade group in Korea she'd need 10 to 20 men behind the lines for every soldier in combat. We could keep a whole division over there, maybe more, with the same number of supply troops. For a brigade it would be fantastic even if we had the men, which we haven't.

All right, why didn't we send our few battalions overseas as units in General MacArthur's force? Forget about trying to service them; let them eat off American supply lines. What's wrong with that?

We may yet do that, or something like it. However, Canada will not, under any circumstances, submerge her forces in the U. S. Army. National Defense, from top to bottom, is determined that Canadians never shall become a mere appendage of the U. S. war machine. They think the Canadian public would back them in that stand. *Continued on page 54*



Americans were disappointed by the "holidays as usual" attitude.



BLACKPOOL is the workers' holiday mecca. Can they still afford the fare?

LONDON LETTER By Beverley Baxter

What Happens if the Rains Come?

IF YOU had looked in at Westminster at the proper moment in the evening recently you would have seen a sweet smile on the face of the austere Sir Stafford Cripps. The reason was that the third reading of his finance bill (based on his Budget) was carried without a division. The three months' battle was over and except in minor points he had had his way.

For your information, legislation dealing with finance is not subject to any time regulations. For example, if we debate Scottish midwives or even Korea the debate automatically ends at 10 p.m. unless, by mutual agreement beforehand, we decide on an extra period. But finance debates only stop when they leave off, if you know what I mean.

I intend in this letter to discuss a subject which has always enthralled me—money. Let me hasten to add that I am not a financial expert either in public or in private, but ever since I was paid \$6 as a boy soloist for singing at a concert in Guelph, Ont., I have liked earning money and enjoyed spending it. In fact I have never quite got over the astonishment at being paid for writing.

This week I had the privilege of hearing Frank Sinatra moan about love into the lips of a microphone. He definitely clings to the belief that love makes the world go round. It is an interesting theory, stubbornly

held by the romantics, but I would think that money is the real thing that keeps the world revolving on its axis.

Sir James Barrie said we were given memory so we could have roses in December. Well, one of the advantages of growing older is that in the garden of memory there are many roses. For example, I can look back to life in Canada before the 1914 war when the money that a man earned was his. If there was some form of income tax I never heard of it. Reason tells me that the government must have raised funds by taxation of some sort but broadly speaking your money was your own.

Those magic words "social security" were unknown. Life was a full-blooded adventure in which one asked only for opportunity. Parents brought up their children, often by great sacrifice, and in later life it was the joy of the children to ease the declining years of the parents. Nor did this lessen the affection of the young to the old. In most cases it was enhanced.

Charities were organized for those who fell by the wayside, it was not considered a crime to be rich, and although there were great inequalities there was always a feeling that in such a system of society there was hope for one's children even if the prizes had eluded the older genera-

Continued on page 49



PASTIME AT 60 . . . PLANNED AT 40

EVERYONE hopes to carry out his heart's desire . . . for travel . . . recreation or financial independence when the time for retirement is at hand. Have you a definite plan that will enable you to carry out these ambitions? Have you provided for your future at retirement age?

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LONGER LIFE

"I have driven on B.F. Goodrich tires since 1936 and have always enjoyed long wear and trouble-free performance." — Peter W. Waslik, Winnipeg, Man.

5-30



BACHELOR KING, a reserved man, touched all the vote-getting bases. In 1945, autographs for Ottawa children.

MACKENZIE KING

As I Knew Him

Beside a proclamation offering £1,000 for his grandfather dead or alive, Mackenzie King kept a parchment awarding him the Order of Merit. He was proud of both. This revealing paradox shaped the man and helped to shape a nation

BY BLAIR FRASER, Maclean's Ottawa Editor

SOME PEOPLE think that last journey killed him—the trip to London in October 1948 to the Conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers. He never quite recovered from the breakdown he had there before the conference even began, so that he never actually got to its meetings.

Yet, old and sick as he was, William Lyon Mackenzie King did a lot for the success of that conference. It cost him his health, but it may well have been his greatest service to the Commonwealth in his 50 years of public life.

The object of that conference was to bring India into the Commonwealth as a full partner. Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru had misgivings on two grounds: How could India join an association based on allegiance to an alien crown? And how could he, personally, after eight and one quarter years in British jails as a political prisoner, become and be accepted as a loyal prime minister?



DOGLOVER KING holds train at North Bend, B.C., while he feeds a bone to a stray mutt. Irish terriers were his favorites.

Mr. King had the answers. Pandit Nehru called to see him in the sickroom at the Dorchester Hotel. Mr. King talked about his grandfather, the rebel William Lyon Mackenzie. He told of the proclamation signed in the Queen's name by Sir John Colborne, offering £1,000 for Mackenzie's capture dead or alive. A copy of it now hangs outside his own study at Laurier House—and beside it the parchment that proclaims him, the rebel's grandson, a member of the Order of Merit. This high order of British chivalry is limited to 24 persons.

"My chief reason for accepting the O.M.," Mr. King used to say, "was to hang it beside that proclamation of the price on my grandfather's head."

He told Mr. Nehru of his association with a whole line of sovereigns: he was sworn as a deputy minister under Queen Victoria, as minister of the crown under Edward VII; he'd served as prime minister under George V, Edward VIII and George VI; he'd been a guest at the wedding of Princess Elizabeth and sent personal congratulations on the birth of Prince Charles. A day or two before King George VI had called to see him. Yet he had never, at home or abroad, concealed his pride in the grandfather who fled in 1837 to escape hanging.

A Week End in Ogdensburg

Mr. King could make that story a parable of Canada. For 100 years this country had been struggling for freedom—first the Responsible Government that his grandfather had fought for, then the full autonomy he himself had done so much to win—yet at the same time insisting on retaining its tie with the Crown and the Commonwealth.

Pandit Nehru was deeply impressed. I've been told this by Indians as well as Canadians. He called again next day. This time he stayed only a few minutes with the sick old man, but he brought a gift of jade that Mr. King valued highly. Not much was heard after that of Pandit Nehru's personal misgivings.

Meanwhile Mr. King had been working on the other side, urging that the Crown should not be the principle of the Commonwealth because "the Indians can't accept that." Asked what, then, should be the binding common factor, he'd expound a theory of his own.

"The poor British could never understand it," one of his aides said. "I think even Mr. St. Laurent had trouble. It was a bit too mystical for most people."

But I remembered an occasion when he'd made it pretty clear—May 11, 1944, less than a month

before D Day, when Mr. King was in London at another prime ministers' conference. I remembered him walking down the aisle with Winston Churchill (it was astonishing, after all those heroic wartime pictures, to find Churchill and King were exactly the same height) and speaking to both Houses of the British Parliament. It was one of his good speeches, the best I ever heard him make from a prepared text. In one of its paragraphs he said:

The British Commonwealth has within itself a spirit which is not exclusive, but the opposite to exclusive. Therein lies its strength. That spirit expresses itself in co-operation. Therein lies the secret of its unity. Co-operation is capable of indefinite expansion. Therein lies the hope of the future.

If you had to put the guiding principle of his whole life into one word, that would be the word—"co-operation." Mr. King was proud of what he'd done to promote it within the Commonwealth. He was prouder still of his role between Britain and the Commonwealth on one side and the United States on the other. It was a larger role than most of us knew.

One Friday afternoon in August, 1940, Mr. King was at his summer home at Kingsmere. The phone rang; the Prime Minister answered it himself. He recognized the voice at the other end of the line, his old friend, Franklin D. Roosevelt.

"What are you doing this week end?" the President said.

Mr. King realized without asking that Mr. Roosevelt had something definite in mind. "I'm at your disposal," he said.

"Could you come over to meet me at Ogdensburg?"—the little border town in New York State, across the St. Lawrence River from Prescott, Ont.

Mr. King could, and did. The result, so far as we were told at the time, was the Ogdensburg Agreement that set up the Canada-U. S. Permanent Joint Board of Defense.

Actually, the so-called Ogdensburg Agreement was hardly more than an afterthought. Joint defense of the continent required very little discussion; the "agreement" was jotted down by the President on the back of an envelope and issued as a Press release to give a plausible account of what they'd been talking about. What they really talked about, from about 6 in the evening until 2 in the morning, was the exchange of American destroyers for British colonial bases announced a month later.

One evening at Laurier House (during one of the few private conversations I ever had with Mackenzie King) he showed me a copy of his cable to Winston Churchill after that Ogdensburg conference. It was still marked "Secret," though the year was 1948 and the secrecy long spent. It was a fascinating document. I realized, reading it, that the British had a hard time understanding President Roosevelt's worry about encroaching on American neutrality; while the Americans had no grasp of the



POLITICIAN KING on 1947 visit to old hometown, Kitchener, Ont., lends hand and ear to old-timer. Few men really got close to him.

British reluctance to alienate colonial territory. Mr. King, the Canadian, could understand them both. His job was to explain each to the other and he did it superbly.

One thing that helped, of course, was the network of friendships in both countries built up in 40 odd years of public life. Everyone knows of his relationship with the Roosevelts; it's often forgotten that he and Winston Churchill had been friends for a much longer time. That went back to 1908; how it began was one of Mr. King's favorite stories.

He'd met young Churchill briefly in 1903 or '04, when he was out here on a lecture tour, and he disliked him at sight—thought him a bumptious, conceited young jackanapes. In 1908, as deputy minister of labor, King was in England on a mission connected with East Indian immigration; by that time Winston Churchill had become a boy wonder of British politics, a cabinet minister in his early 30's.

"You must see Churchill," somebody said. "He knows more about this than anyone else."

"Anybody but Churchill," Mr. King replied. "I've met him and he's the last man in England I want to see."

But when he got back to his hotel a few hours later he found a hand-written note from Churchill asking him to lunch the next day in terms he could hardly refuse.

As King walked into the club lounge the following noon Churchill met him with a grin and an outstretched hand. "We met in Canada four years ago, I think," he said. "I did make a frightful ass of myself on that trip, didn't I?"

A Slogan that didn't Sizzle

King looked him right in the eye and smiled back. "Well, Mr. Churchill, there were many Canadians who thought so," he said, "and I was one of them."

With that they sat down to an excellent lunch; they rose fast friends. The friendship was mutually useful 30-odd years later.

Introducing Mr. King to the British Parliament in May, 1944, Mr. Churchill said: "I say without hesitation that there was no other man, and perhaps there was no other career which any man could have followed, which would have enabled our honored guest of this afternoon to lead Canada united into the heart of this world-shaking struggle."

Three years earlier, in a private message (later published in the appendix to his memoirs, volume III), Mr. Churchill had put the same thought in even warmer terms: "What a pleasure it is to see the whole Empire pulling as one man, and believe me, my friend, I understand the reasons for your success in marshaling the great war effort of Canada."

Such words must have warmed Mr. King's heart for they touched on the proudest achievement of his whole career. At his last Press conference, on the day in 1948 when he finally retired as prime minister, someone asked him what he regarded as his outstanding work. He said, "Keeping Canada united through the war."

For such men as Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. St. Laurent, members themselves of an ethnic minority, the concept of Canadian unity was part of their heritage; it was in their blood. For Mackenzie King, as for Sir John A. Macdonald, it was not. Both were Scots Presbyterians; neither spoke French at all; neither had any special fondness for French Canadians as such. But both had the wisdom, the penetration to grasp this root problem of Canadian statesmanship, and both had the skill to devise solutions for it.

Perhaps "solutions" is too positive a word for the subtle compromises they worked out. Controversy still swirls around the most famous, or notorious, in Mackenzie King's career—his manpower policy during World War II. "Not necessarily conscription, but conscription if necessary." Hardly a ringing slogan for a nation at war; hardly a phrase to lift men's hearts.

Yet it worked, in its fashion. To English Canada, angrily demanding a

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WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE KING, 1874-1950, in a portrait taken for Maclean's Magazine by Karsh, Ottawa.



UNWANTED GUEST

Laughter can hurt a woman of almost 17. Why should she suffer the taunts of friends because her house guest was the original white woman's burden with Adam's apple and protruding ears?

By PAUL ERNST

THE greeting was about what Anne had expected. The car drove up and whirled around the circular drive with a great squealing of gravel and tires and with the horn blowing like crazy in the August heat; and dad and mother came out of the house with big smiles and open arms, and Harvey and Glory swooped out of the car and were swooped upon. They looked the way a regulation bride and groom ought to look, though strictly speaking they weren't bride and groom any more since they'd had their honeymoon and had been two weeks now in their new apartment.

"Harvey!" said Anne's mother, kissing her son-in-law's bony cheek just under his prominent ear.

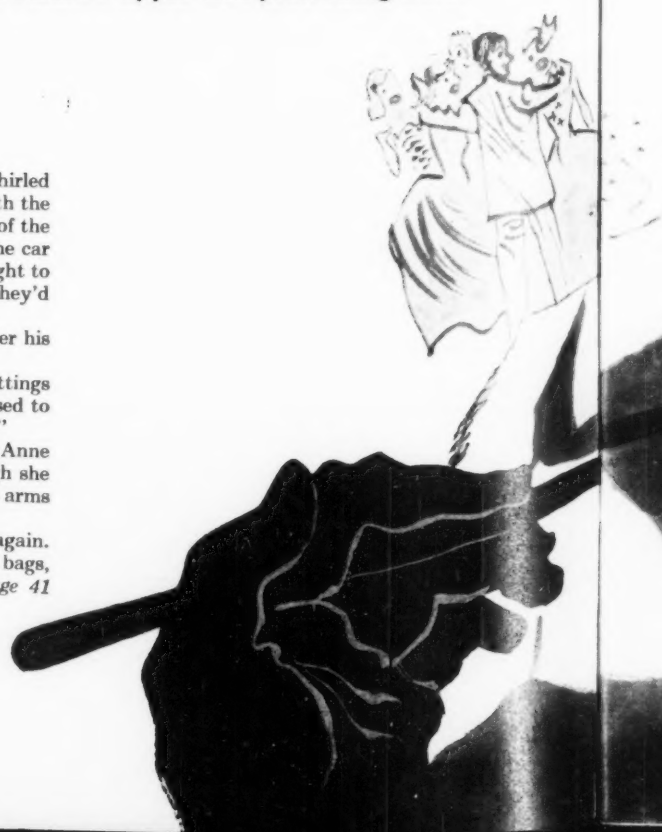
"Glory!" said Anne's father, kissing his daughter. There were more back pittings and hand shakings, and then Glory lifted her eyebrows at the girl she was pleased to call her kid sister and she said, "What's up, Anne? Don't you love us any more?"

With all the commotion died down so a person could be reasonably dignified, Anne kissed her sister and held out her hand to her new brother-in-law. But though she hoped for the best, she feared the worst. It came. Harvey laughed and put his arms around her and lifted her up and kissed her.

"Don't ice me, youngling," he said, spanking her gently as he set her down again. And then everybody went into the house, with dad and Harvey carrying the bags, and Anne went, seething, to the summerhouse.

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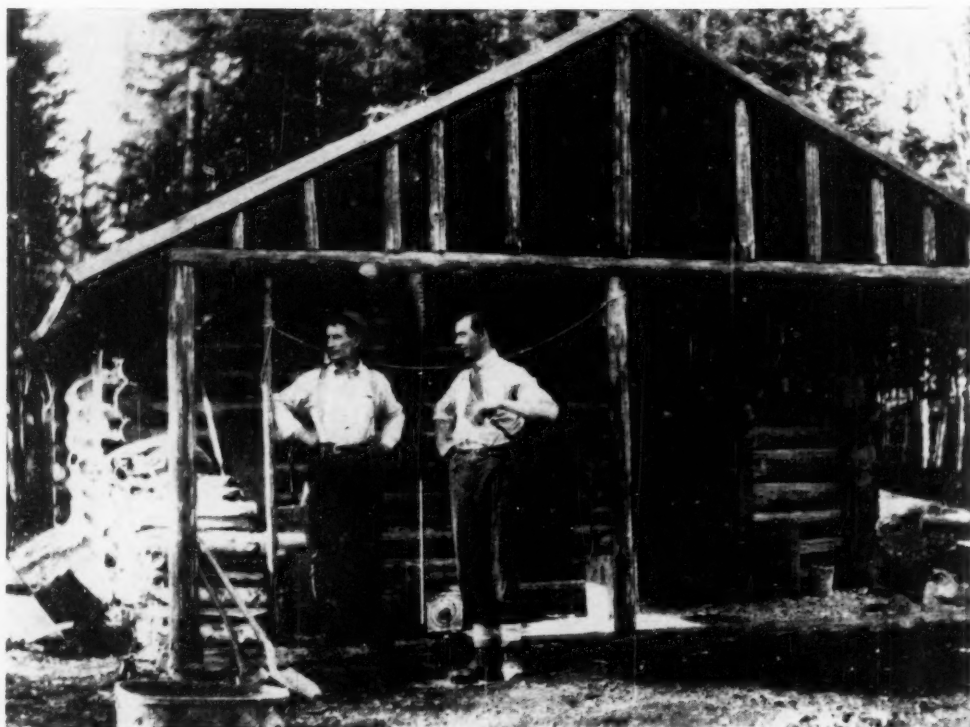
ILLUSTRATED BY MIKE MITCHELL





A Maclean's FLASHBACK

THE MURDERED MIDAS OF



Fortune didn't come easy to Harry Oakes. He sank his faith in a hole in the ground at Lake Shore and plugged till it paid off. Here (left) he talks with mining man F. W. Duncan.



At St. Moritz the Oakes family takes the winter season. Lady Oakes was an Australian whom Sir Harry wooed on a liner. Nancy (top right) turned out to have ideas of her own.

By BARBARA MOON

ON JULY 8 in 1943 Sir Harry Oakes, Bart., was found murdered in his bed in Nassau, the Bahamas. The killer had beaten him about the head and then dumped insecticide over the bedding and set fire to it. When the body was found it was only partially burned but the fan that whirled quietly in the room had blown feathers from the ticking all about and they floated in the hot sticky air, clung to the charred corpse and settled lazily on the bedside table beside the false teeth and a can of foot powder.

It was a particularly grisly murder and it shocked the effete little British colony. When Sir Harry's son-in-law was indicted for the crime the Press moved in. Details of the murder and the trial which followed crowded war news on front pages in four countries. There were pictures of Oakes, Eunice, his wife, and pretty, dark Nancy—their oldest child—who had married Marie Alfred Fouquereaux de Marigny against her parents' wishes. There were pictures of the accused De Marigny, of the other four Oakes children, Sydney, William Pitt, Shirley and Harry Philip, of pink-plaster Westbourne, his home, where the crime had taken place, of the half dozen or so other estates Oakes maintained in the Bahamas, and of the two detectives summoned from the States by the Duke of Windsor (then governor of the colony) to solve the murder scientifically.

Special correspondents reported that Freddie de Marigny liked the crooning of Jean Sablon, but liked opera better, that Lady Oakes sipped medicine during her testimony and that Nancy and her husband had a festive dinner complete with champagne the night Freddie was acquitted of his father-in-law's murder.

It made wonderful copy—spectacular, bizarre, exactly to the public taste. Furthermore Oakes had been as colorful a figure as anyone could wish and his life just as spectacular and bizarre as his death.

For he had prospected the globe, Kalgoorlie to Baja, for 15 hard years to bring in at the end of it Lake Shore, second biggest gold mine in Canada; he had scratched six years for funds to develop the mine he'd staked, and wound up ranking with Rockefeller and J. P. Morgan.

He spent more than half his life in rawhide boots and lumberjack shirts, slept in caves and lean-tos and pup tents, trenched and single jacked and swung an axe, shared quarters with rattlesnakes and fought black flies. Before he died he bought his suits on Savile Row and his underwear from Sulka, had mansions in Kirkland Lake, Niagara Falls, Bar Harbor, London, Sussex, Palm Beach, as well as the estates in the Bahamas.

He spent hundreds of thousands on philanthropies and pet projects if he got the idea himself. He hated anyone who fattened off his fellowmen. He hated, too, being told what to do with his own millions.

He was a short (5'6½") violent man, charged with energy. The pictures printed when he died showed him thickset and heavy in his expensive suits, with a massive head and a shock of pepper-and-salt hair. At 68 he still had the tight, the almost coiled, look about him he'd had when he was lean and muscular. The insistent brown eyes

PHOTOS BY WIDE WORLD AND PA

LAKE SHORE

may have had something to do with it. People still can't agree about him but they never could ignore him.

He was born plain Harry Oakes on December 23, 1874, in Sangerville, Maine. In 1892 his father, a well-to-do CPR civil engineer, sent him to Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, Me., to take medicine. Harry switched to straight arts after he discovered a doctor's average annual income was \$3,000. When he graduated he announced: "I'm going to find a gold mine and make my fortune."

He marked time briefly as a Carter Ink Company agent. He hated it. In 1898, the year of the Klondike gold rush, he headed north.

For the next 13 years he trudged across the world and back wherever there was gold. After the Yukon he prospected in Alaska, Manila, Australia, New Zealand and Death Valley, California. In between he surveyed, farmed, took contracts for crosscutting, shaft sinking and timbering—anything to rustle a grubstake to keep going.

All he got out of it was anecdotes. He would buttonhole friends for the rest of his life and tell them about the time he and his Danish partner were blown ashore in a sailboat on the coast of Siberia and arrested by Cossacks, or the hot noon in Colorado he crawled into a cave for a siesta and awakened cheek-by-jowl with a nest of rattlers.

The yarns became part of the Oakes legend, along with all the stories—contradictory and often half-fabricated—woven around him by others. There are at least four versions of his first appearance in the Kirkland Lake camp, where he eventually made most of his millions.

Gold Gleamed in the Snow

Some say he picked Swastika at random off a map; some that he was thrown off the train when he couldn't pay his fare. Others claim he headed there deliberately after thoroughly casing the area. Still others tell that he fell in with George Tough on the train to Kapuskasing and got off when he did in order to finish a bottle of Scotch.

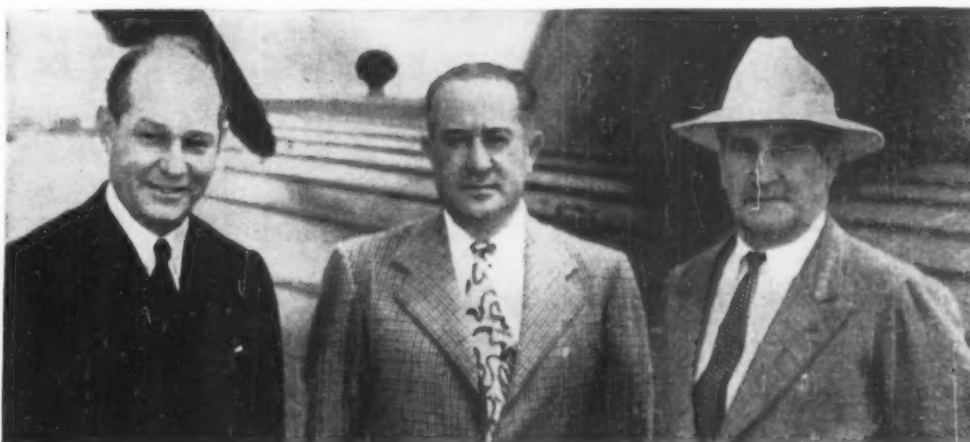
At any rate he got there. He headed north from Death Valley when he heard of the silver strikes at Cobalt and the gold strikes at Porcupine and he got off at Swastika—five miles southwest of little-known Kirkland Lake—in June, 1911. He had about \$3.

Over dinner that first day in Swastika he announced flatly that he was going to make a one-man mine—a mine financed and brought to the dividend stage by the staker. The development of a mine is a specialized problem in finance that most prospectors don't want to tackle. They told Oakes he couldn't do it. That was enough to spark the obsession that drove Oakes for 24 years.

He attached himself to Tom and George Tough's camp but prospected alone. It's rough country, with muskeg, slash and black flies where a man once died in the camp after being chewed raw by flies. But Oakes was hard-bitten and a good bushman.

He worked east from Dane and north to Lake Victoria. He also checked in at the Matheson recording office on the standing of some early claims at Kirkland Lake. Bill Wright, pioneer of the camp and later financial backer of the Toronto Globe and Mail, had struck gold there, in the first

A man who wants gold has got to fight for it. Harry Oakes fought the black-fly bush, and disappointment and then the financiers. He won his gold and all that it can buy. But he found that didn't include happiness



Harold Christie (left), a real estate man, was the last known person to see Oakes (right) alive and the first to report his death. Oakes was bludgeoned in his bed which the killer set afire. The other man in this 1941 photo is Max Camacho, brother of Mexico's ex-president.

find of what is now the rich Wright-Hargreaves Mine. The district looked good.

George Tough learned that the claims would fall open at midnight January 7, 1912, and decided to restake them. On the night of the seventh George got Harry Oakes out of bed and into five pairs of pants. It was 52 below. They started off briskly, staked the five claims they wanted, plus six more, and thereby nosed out Bill Wright who arrived by freight from Matheson at 4 a.m.—too late.

The five claims made up Tough-Oakes Gold Mines and awoke the first real interest in the Kirkland Lake camp. With Jack Tough, another brother, they began shoveling aside snow and moss to look for the Wright-Hargreaves extension. Within three days they found rock with strings of gold on one side and a lump as big as a 5c. piece on the other.

But Oakes wasn't there that day. He had gone down to Maine to peddle the claims for \$1,200. None of them knew anything about mine development and the idea was to stake, sell out and get money to go on prospecting. The Toughs called Oakes back and kept on working. One Sunday in April—the same week an English engineer said they'd never have a mine—George backed in under

a spruce tree to sit out a shower and stumbled on a second vein. Oakes wasn't there that day either. He got back at night from Haileybury.

They started sinking a shaft. Suddenly they hand-drilled into high-grade ore. They bagged it, hauled it out by canoe and team, and freighted it to a New Jersey smelter. In 1913 they shipped ore averaging \$440 a ton (\$8.97 a ton was average gold ore in Ontario this May).

Oakes worked furiously in camp but a lot of the time he was in Cobalt trying to wangle backing, or in Maine hitting his family for all they could spare. They always came through. Oakes gave them stock in return.

He was still prospecting, too. He had his eye on the south shore of Kirkland Lake, to the west of Wright-Hargreaves. Through the summer of 1912, in company with Ernest Martin, he prospected the area. The pair got discouraged enough to talk of giving up and going to California.

One day in July, while Harry was in Haileybury, Ernie chipped at a quartz outcropping that ran down into the lake. When Harry walked in from Swastika Ernie said he'd found free gold.

Harry Oakes may have brought in two mines, as the story goes, but in

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Alfred de Marigny married heiress Nancy Oakes (centre) when she was 18. He quarreled bitterly with Sir Harry and was later tried for his murder. Nancy helped him celebrate his acquittal, then divorced him. Lady Oakes (right) told about a changed will.



The Unidentical Twins. Hume Crawford (left) makes the contacts; Bill Bell prepares the policies.

Two Million Dollars On the Dotted Line

Wiseacres warned life insurance was a lone wolf's game, but these men pooled their personalities to lift a gilt-edged take from the world's toughest selling line

By IAN MCKENZIE

NO CANADIAN life insurance underwriter has yet bettered the single million-dollar policy which Jack Donovan, now retired, sold during the 20's to the late Harry Hatch, then president of Hiram Walkers, distillers.

But the insurance partnership in Toronto of cordial, resolute S. Hume Crawford and urbane, sagacious W. E. N. ("Bill") Bell has sold in the last eight years an average of \$2 millions worth of life insurance annually.

So far, Crawford and Bell's biggest single policy has been a \$350,000 whopper. Ultimately, they hope to pass Donovan's record. They are encouraged in this by the fact that in 1946, their own record year, they wrote a thick pile of fat policies

amounting to more than \$4 millions.

Fewer than 40 Canadians underwrote a million dollars worth of insurance last year. A man who sells \$250,000 a year is considered a success, for he nets around \$5,000. Crawford and Bell have each paid tax on at least four times that amount since they joined forces. Neither knows of any other partnership in Canada quite like theirs.

This partnership has been a resounding success. Separately they each dealt in thousands of dollars a year; together they have moved into millions. The success of their association lies in the fact that each has qualities the other lacks. Along Bay Street they are called "the Unidentical Twins."

Crawford at 55 has a glowing personality which

has magnetized around him during the last 30 years a multitude of influential friends and acquaintances. He is essentially a salesman.

Bell at 40 is not as social but has that infinite capacity for taking pains that is akin to genius.

Thus Crawford is the Outside Man and Bell is the Inside Man. Crawford makes the contacts and persuades the clients to buy. Bell prepares the policies best suited to their needs.

Not long ago the two were down at a radio station in Western Ontario working on a group pension plan. A woman radio commentator came up to them and gushed: "I'm just about to interview two beautiful Chinchilla rabbits. Will one of you come and help me?"

Crawford quickly said: "Mr. Bell will attend to that. He's our Inside Man."

On the way home in Bell's car, they stuck in a snowdrift. Laconically Bell said: "This is where you get out and push. You're the Outside Man."

Each man has always worked for Manufacturers Life on commission, although occasionally they will put a policy in the hands of another company if a client wishes it.

About 12 years ago, Crawford, working alone in Toronto, noticed that the younger Bell kept nipping over from his St. Catharines office to fork a plump prospect off his plate.

The older man sensed the challenge of a formidable youngster with a new idea. For four years they played cat and mouse but occasionally they would link up to land a sale that neither could make separately.

A Start on the Doorstep

Then, in 1941, during one of these temporary partnerships, they had a sharp lesson. They were sitting in Crawford's office with a client who was nicely poised to sign for a \$50,000 policy. At this moment Crawford should have whipped an application form out of his drawer. But there was none there.

Bell clucked under his breath at this display of carelessness.

Crawford hurried out of the office to get a form from his secretary. To keep the conversation going Bell chose the unfortunate subject of the client's brother, a lawyer whom he knew slightly.

This prompted the client to change his mind. He said he'd better talk the whole thing over with his brother first. On his return with the application form Crawford found \$50,000 worth of business had flown out of the window. He cursed Bell inwardly for inability to keep a prospect warm.

From that moment they decided their sporadic collaboration had too many loose ends and agreed to splice permanently. Within two years they had their hesitant client back.

But when they first decided to team up insurance chiefs shook their heads and said the partnership wouldn't last a year. In any other business a partnership stands a good chance of success. But in life insurance, where so much depends on personal relations between underwriter and prospect, partnerships are notoriously short-lived.

This is largely because it is difficult to split income equitably and agreeably. And any other basis than equal division of earnings is too complex in a field of multifarious and extended commissions.

A friend who advised Crawford against union with Bell said, "Don't do it. You're old enough to know it's a one-man game." One of Bell's advisers said: "You'll never agree. You're such different types." But Crawford and Bell have never had a quarrel.

Although both of them started knocking at doors and selling \$1,000 policies to clerks, truck drivers and parsons (Crawford 30 years ago and Bell 12 years ago) most of their business is done today in plush boardrooms or the remote corners of austere clubs. A list of their clients reads like a directory of directors. Their three-room office suite in downtown Toronto exhales their confidence through dove-grey walls hung with prints, over-all mignon carpets, polished mahogany and cavernous leather chairs.

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THAT GLAMOROUS GOLDEYE

He had the scientists guessing and gourmets clamoring when he suddenly disappeared from Lake Winnipeg. But all's well—our most famous and temperamental fish simply shifted to Alberta

By FRED BODSWORTH

MANITOBA'S famous Winnipeg goldeye, the fish with the golden spectacles and the million-dollar taste, has staged a mysterious but highly welcome comeback. Four years ago it had all but vanished from the waters where fishermen once had hauled it in by the ton. Now, suddenly, the goldeye has turned up in Alberta, 750 miles away.

How it got there no one knows. But it's there, as plentiful as it ever was in Manitoba during its heyday, and scientists declare that Canada's most famous dish will now probably continue to keep the gourmets of the world smacking their chops and ordering second servings.

The goldeye's reappearance is another surprising chapter in the strange rags-to-riches story of this paradoxical, mud-loving aristocrat of Canadian fish which started its career as one-cent-per-pound dog food and wound up in the continent's swankiest wine-and-dine spots at \$2 and up per plate.

Canada has few famous national dishes but, among sophisticates and world travelers, broiled Winnipeg goldeye is to

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COLOR PHOTO BY KEN BELL

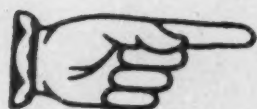


AT THE CNE



STARRING

DANNY



KAYE

in a

COLOSSAL
STUPENDOUS

in fact

KONKAMUNGA

PRODUCTION

OF HIS OWN REAL-LIFE STORY.

With a Cast of Thousands including

WINSTON CHURCHILL
 GEORGE BERNARD SHAW
 PRINCESS MARGARET
 MADAME TUSSAUD
 DARRYL ZANUCK
 MOSS HART
 MRS. SYLVIA KAYE
 SIR LAWRENCE AND LADY OLIVIER
 DANIEL KOMINSKI
 150 INDIANS
 TWO FRIENDS FROM THE BORSCH CIRCUIT

AND A MACLEAN'S CORRESPONDENT, JAMES DUGAN



THERE I was, sitting in Danny Kaye's drawing-room in the St. Regis Hotel, high above Fifth Avenue, New York, waiting for Danny Kaye. Danny was coming back soon from an afternoon of making phonograph records to tell me from his own lips the amazing story of his rise to international fame and reveal the secrets of his act at this year's Canadian National Exhibition.

I was nervous with anticipation, chain-smoking and doodling on my tablet with a ball-point pen. The ink came off on my hands and was transferred to my nose and ears. Danny Kaye had consented to give me an audience in spite of his busy schedule of recording, dickering with the Metropolitan Opera, seeing old friends, and nursing his wife's cold.

I read my background notes on Kaye as I waited. Kaye, the Boy from Brooklyn, who became a world-famous star in his first picture, "Up in Arms," in 1944. Kaye, so beloved in Britain, for instance, that the U. S. Ambassador told a London testimonial dinner to Danny that the comedian was a better good-will ambassador than most diplomats. Kaye, who had received Winston Churchill in his dressing room, traded gags with George Bernard Shaw, and taught Princess Margaret to dance the cancan. Kaye, who is the most popular figure in Madame Tussaud's waxworks, and, next to Charlie Chaplin, the world's best-known comedian.

Danny Kaye walked in, looking like Danny Kaye in technicolor. He was tanned and lean after a five-week holiday in Europe. He wore grey pants and an odd jacket and had a crumpled white sailor cap pulled down over his eyes. He kissed his wife, Sylvia, and smiled winningly at me. "Hello," he said. "That's a konkamunga blue make-up you got on. What are you in aid of?"

We laughed and got down to business. I asked, "Will the crowd at the CNE be the biggest you've played to in person?"

"No," he said. "I played to 120,000 in Soldier Field, Chicago. Overseas, during the war, I played to as many as 60,000 troops."

I asked him to begin the story of his life. He looked at me silently so I said, consulting my notes, "Born Daniel Kominski, Brooklyn, 1913, son of poor garment worker, quit school at 17, became soda jerk. Amateur theatricals led to summer clowning jobs at Catskill mountain hotels . . ."

"Right," said Danny.

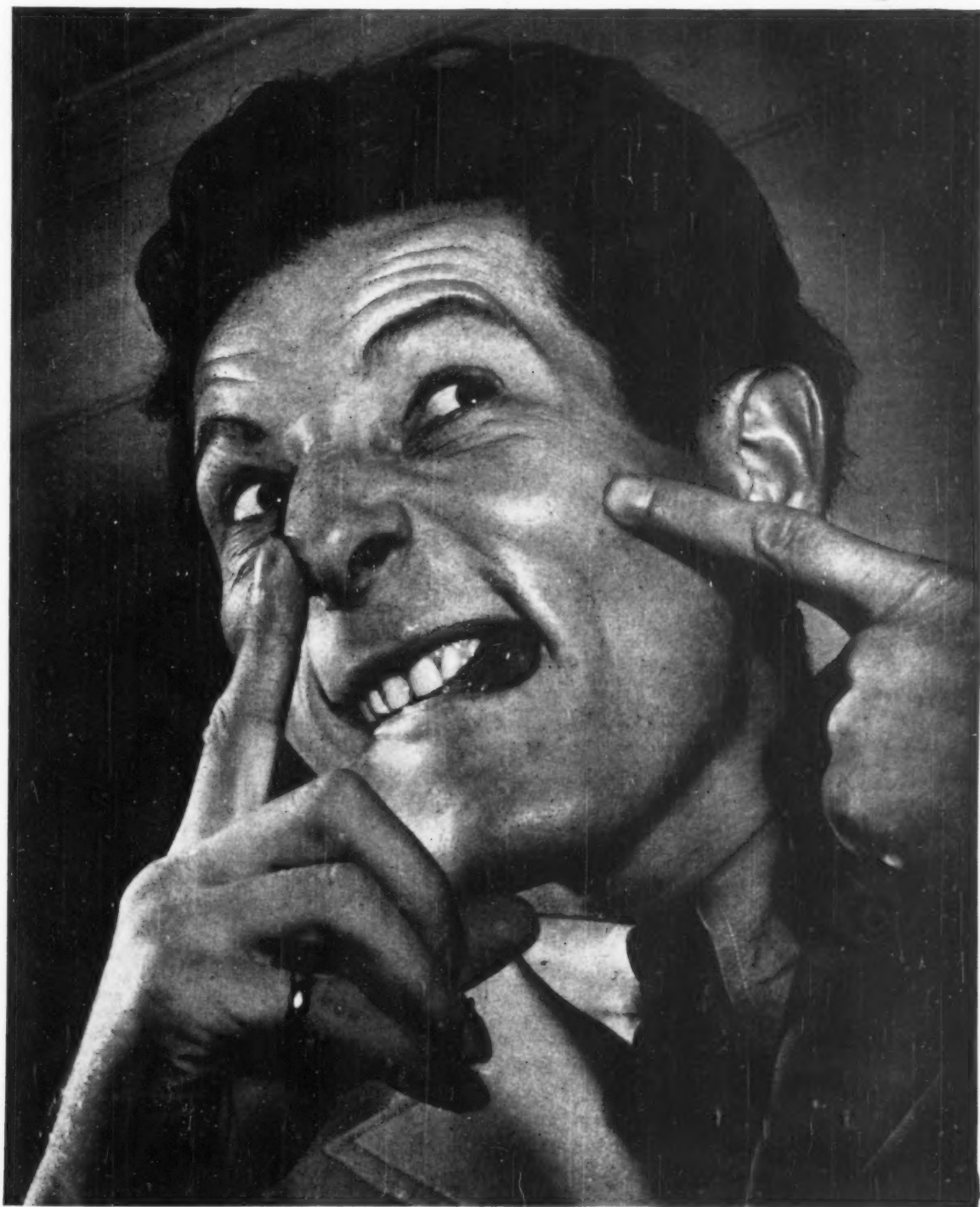
I continued, "Tell me about your experiences in the Catskills, the so-called Borsch Circuit."

Robert Merrill, popular Metropolitan Opera baritone, walked in. Danny leaped up and embraced him. "Bobby and I worked on the Borsch Circuit together," he said. "Hey, Bobby, you been on the road?" The singer said, "Just closed in Buffalo. I did three Fausts, five Samson and Delilahs, three Carmens and three Traviatas."

Danny said, "That takes it out of you. Hey, I'm going to be in the Met with you this fall. Rudy Bing wants me to do the jailer bit in 'Die Fledermaus.'" Rudolph Bing is the general director of the Metropolitan Opera.

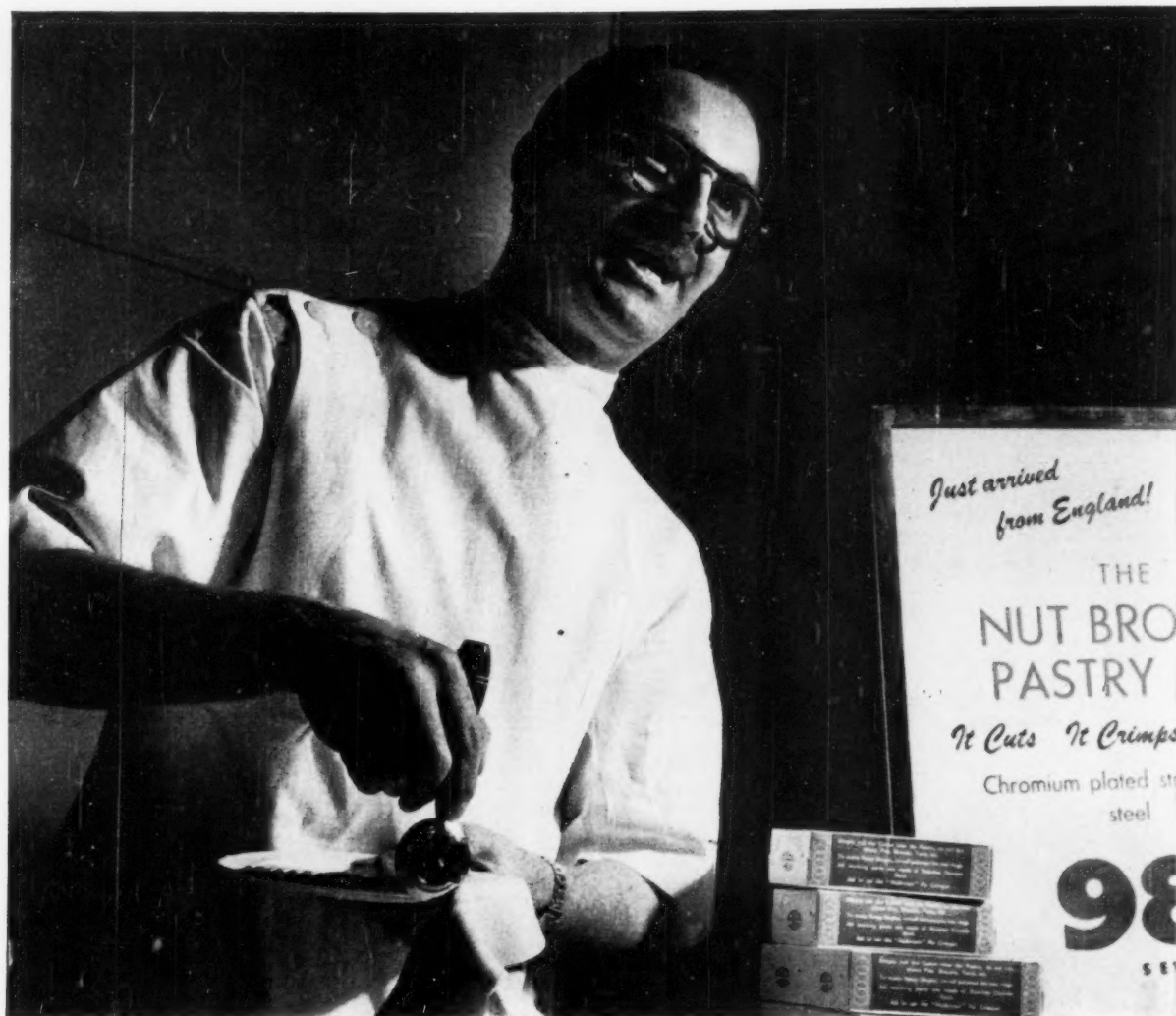
"I heard," Merrill said. "I told Rudy Bing to look out for Danny Kaye. I told him, 'Danny Kaye will louse up the Metropolitan Opera.' Rudy said, 'What means that 'louse up,' Bob?' Rudy

Continued on page 30



DANNY KAYE, who is 37, replaces Olsen and Johnson this year on the big stage in front of the CNE grandstand. For 14 shows he'll pick up a reported \$50,000. It won't be as easy as teaching Princess Margaret the cancan.

AT THE CNE



BERNIE ABBOTT, a mixture of Lancashire Lad and Groucho Marx, sells a slice of personality with every pie cutter.

KEN BELL

Just Call Me The Gadget King

By McKENZIE PORTER

This time last year Bernie Abbott stood in his CNE booth with his last two bucks shrinking in his pocket. This year he's there again with his homespun chatter and his kitchen gadgets worrying about his income tax

IF DANNY KAYE meets any rival in showmanship at this year's Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto it will probably be 35-year-old Bernie Abbott, of Blackpool, England, who during the last 12 months has chattered his way from penury to the blue chips by imparting theatrical know-how to the sale of kitchen gadgets.

From last year's CNE many visitors scurried home with the news that a comic guy who sold egg beaters put on a better show than Olsen and Johnson.

Says one housewife who missed 15 minutes of the grandstand spectacle through listening to the Lancashire lad's Canadian debut:

"They had to get Danny Kaye this year to draw the crowds away from Bernie Abbott."

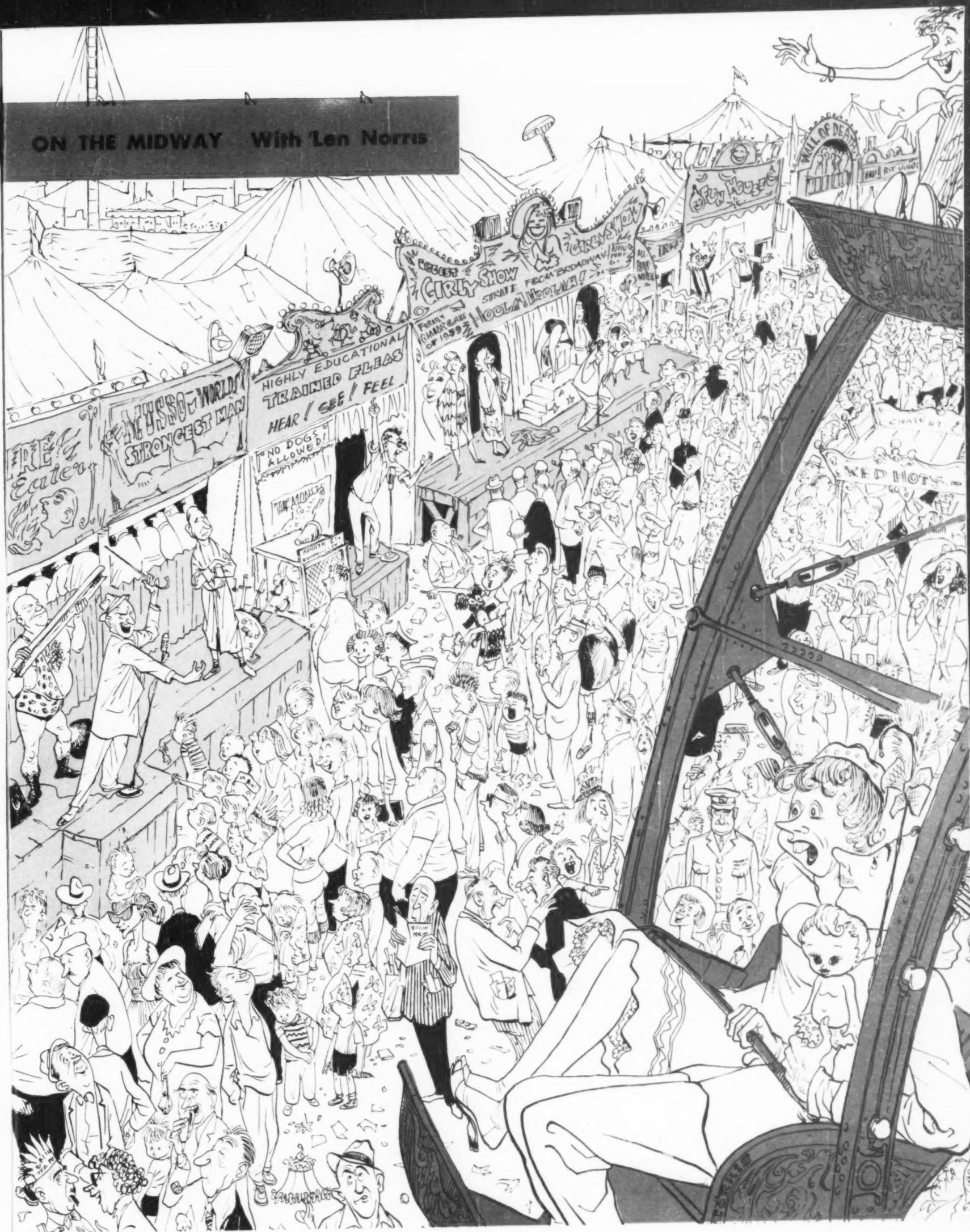
On the day the 1949 CNE opened Abbott had 2,880 pastry cutters and precisely \$2 cash.

A month earlier, after a disastrous business adventure in New York, he'd planned to sail from Montreal to Liverpool with his wife Doris and admit that as an emigrant he'd been a flop. Then, on a desperate impulse, he'd burned his bridges by spending on the rent of a CNE stand \$200 originally reserved for part payment of two steerage passages home.

He'd broken his last \$10 bill to buy a white \$3 jacket and \$5 worth of lumber. He'd built the booth himself and decorated it with pictures of the Royal Family examining pastry cutters at the Ideal Homes Exhibition in London. When

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ON THE MIDWAY With Len Norris





The Strange Death of Sam Fletcher

The prairie was beautifully peaceful under the golden fall haze when Sam went out to kill his enemy — the great white bird with the cruel, red-rimmed eyes

By JOHN CLARE

ALL THROUGH that summer the old war between people and the other animals was fought pretty much as usual. The reporting of it made a casual, sometimes crazy pattern in odd corners of newspapers during the news-scarce dog days. In fact, if you didn't know someone like Sam Fletcher you wouldn't know that there was a war, full of strategy and honor and death, just like the wars between people.

You couldn't know, for instance, from the newspaper report that a North Ontario muskellonge in a desperate rush for freedom had deliberately caught a fisherman off balance and pulled him to his death.

Nor would the piece about the pyromaniac robin give rise to any feelings other than doubt as to the truth of the story. This deceptively benign bird was seen carrying a smoldering twig in its beak from a boys' campfire near New Westminster. The bird dropped the ember on the roof of a summer

cottage which shortly afterward burned to the ground. There was no one in the house at the time.

Nothing very ominous or even significant there. Nor was there any hint of disaster, except for the geese already flying south in loose undulating V's over the town, in Sam Fletcher's getting out his carefully stored 12-gauge pump gun the day before the season opened.

Sam was a bachelor about 50 years old who lived in the white frame house which had been his father's, and where he had been born, near the centre of the small southwestern Saskatchewan town of Indian Bluffs. He was a small man whose twisted back gave him a gnomish appearance but did not prevent him from earning the reputation of the shrewdest and best goose hunter in the southwest corner of the province.

Had there been a psychiatrist in Indian Bluffs he might have made something out of this little

man's love of hunting. He might have found that Sam's compensation for some of the things he had missed in life was the primitive thrill of the big grey birds falling before his gun.

But there was no psychiatrist to indulge in such speculation, and if there had been he would have been wise to keep his mouth shut because Sam was respected. Not liked, because he was a dour, solitary man, but respected.

The farmers along the South Saskatchewan River, where the geese paused in their long flight from the Arctic Circle to their winter home along Atlantic seaboard, were always glad to tell him where the big birds were feeding. Farmers like Nick Kovac were willing to dig his blinds for him. They were proud to have a good hunter like Sam shooting off their stubble. Besides he always gave them something for their trouble when the shooting was good. And the

Continued on page 33



ILLUSTRATED BY JACK BUSH

SHE'S THE ONLY ONE OF HER KIND



SPEAKER HODGES greets Indian chiefs at the legislature. Indians had elected their first M.A.

Speaker Nancy Hodges rules the B. C. Legislature with a gracious gavel. Only thing that bothers her is that she's got to hold her tongue

By JIM NESBITT

THERE'S a solemn procession each day in the parliament buildings at Victoria, B.C. Sergeant-at-Arms Capt. W. R. Webster booms out: "Make way for Madame Speaker." Members of the legislature stand. The world's only woman Speaker, a newspaper columnist named Nancy Hodges, walks in measured tread through wide doors, mounts three blue-carpeted steps to her dais and sits down in a thronelike chair of carved oak. She wears the black silk Speaker's robes and tricorn hat of British tradition.

When Premier Byron Johnson announced Liberal M.L.A. Mrs. Hodges as Speaker of the British Columbia House last December fan mail began to pour in. Practical Mrs. Hodges, a newspaperwoman for more than 30 years, seized some of it for her column in the Victoria Times. One letter from Nassau in the Bahamas said: "Most Esteemed Lady—I am 30 years old, married, father of three children by such marriage. May I have autographed picture of you? Would you be kind enough to also make me small donation?"

Mrs. Hodges, who has been in the legislature nine years, is used to this dubious sort of accolade. She is less used to being officially silenced by the neutrality of the Speaker's position. She has always had lots to say. Now she must hold her tongue. She must never toss the tart replies for which she has become known. She gives weighty decisions on constitutional points and rings her bell and cries "order, order" when members call each other nasty names. She may be stern, never rude. The legislature is a duller place with Nancy Hodges out of the fray.

A Profit From Emily Carr

She was at her best when five women were in the House. She and a brilliant debater, Mrs. Dorothy Steeves, of the Opposition CCF, battled many times. They were good friends behind the scenes but in public enjoyed knock-'em-down drag-'em-out political fights. When Mrs. Steeves called her an old Pollyanna, Mrs. Hodges said Mrs. Steeves was just a Cassandra.

"I'd rather be a Pollyanna than a Cassandra," taunted Mrs. Hodges.

"Cassandra was right," Dolly Steeves rapped back.

"Perhaps she was," snapped Mrs. Hodges. "But look what happened to her. She got killed by her rival."

When Dolly Steeves was beaten at the polls Mrs. Hodges was disappointed. She wants women in public life. Their political stripe doesn't matter.

From 1941 to 1945 Mrs. Hodges, Mrs. Tilly Rolston (Vancouver-Point Grey) and three CCF women (Mrs. Steeves, Mrs. Laura Jamieson and Mrs. Grace MacInnis)

Continued on page 37



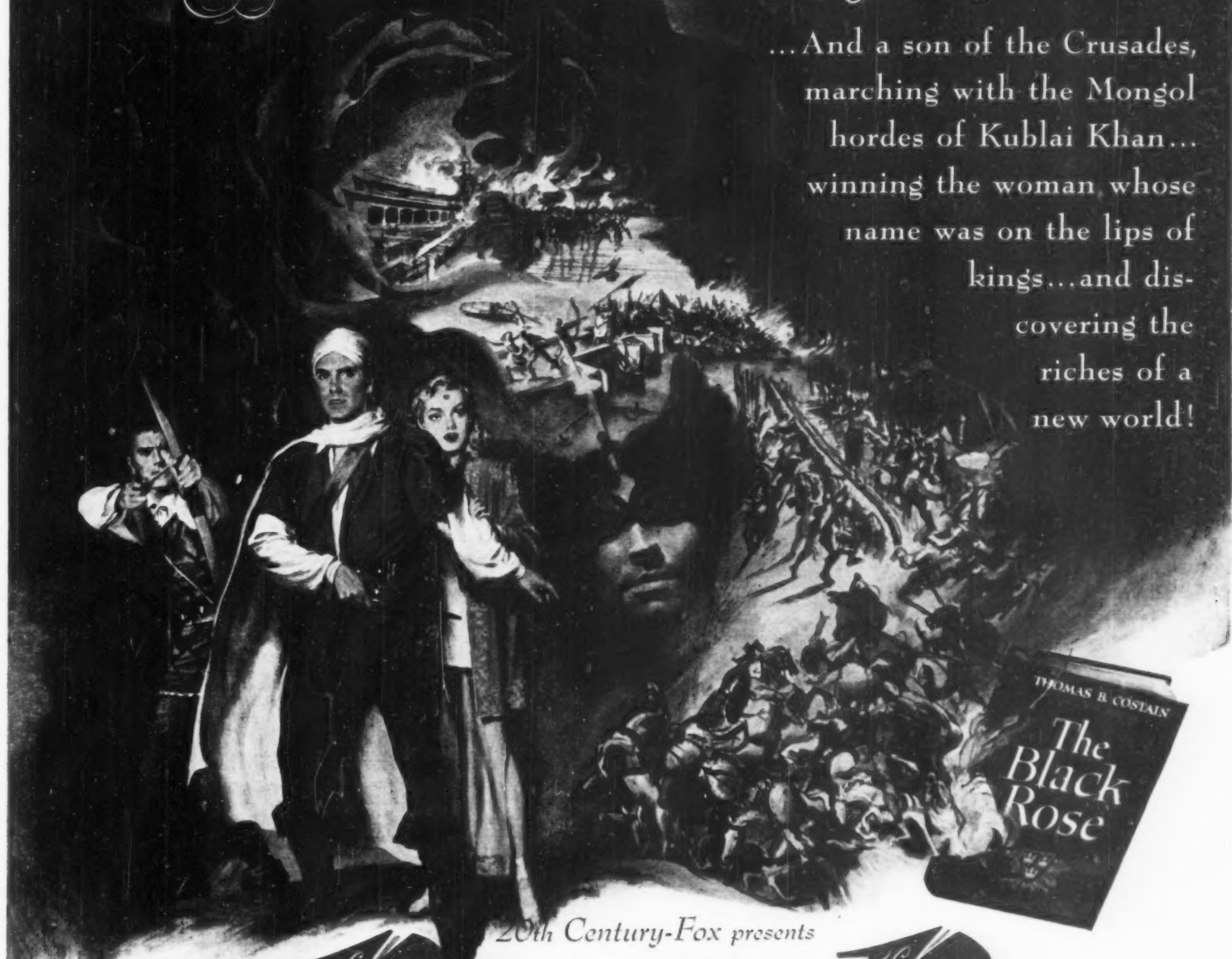
COLUMNIST Hodges, a newspaperwoman for 30 years, urges women to make their votes count.



HOUSEWIFE Hodges starts her busy day at 6.30. Later she may judge a beard contest.

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THE Windsor

ON DOMINION SQUARE
J. ALDERIC RAYMOND,
PRESIDENT

Just Call Me The Gadget King

Continued from page 18

the CNE gates opened Abbott had been up all night in the customs sheds waiting to clear his stock. Neither he nor his wife had had any breakfast.

At the end of the first exhibition week he had sold all his pastry cutters at 98 cents apiece, and made himself more than \$1,000 profit by demonstrating them and chattering about them in a broad Lancashire accent for 12 hours a day.

On Monday of the second week he was swallowing glycerin to ease a chronic croak and casting around for more merchandise. A Toronto department store gladly provided a job line of 3,000 British egg beaters.

With a spiel that included comedy, cooking tips, pathos and household economics, Abbott, wearing a clean white coat every two hours, sold out the lot at a profit of \$700 to himself.

On New Year's Eve last, less than four months later, Abbott had sold \$136,000 worth of British-made egg whisks, pastry cutters, rolling pins, icing sets, palette knives, omelet pans, pie crimpers, waffle molds, meat mincers, tea strainers, cream horn cases, potato mashers, vegetable peelers, butter curlers, grater spoons, fish turners, cooking tongs, can openers, sink strainers, cake stands and kitchen knives, by what he now calls "An Abbott Demonstration."

Shy Grunts From the Crowd

His profit was nearly \$13,000.

Abbott, who is tall, blue-jowled and sallow, has a droll turn of humor, a roguish resemblance to Groucho Marx, and an unshakable belief that he is the world's best salesman. He frequently calls on his Maker to give credence to his statements. Tapping his open books excitedly he exclaims, "It sounds like a fairy tale! But, as God is my judge, it is true!"

Though he is now creeping into the big time (he calls himself the "Gadget King of Canada") he still demonstrates all new lines himself, surrounded by two or three white-coated trainees whom he schools personally. He seems to draw a score of onlookers in about 30 seconds.

In his homely vernacular he begins: "Now, ladies, just let me roll this dirty old bit of pastry and I'll give you a surprise. I know this pastry is looking tired. But don't worry. It's the only thing that's not for sale."

He flips the pastry onto a plate, thumbs round it, and says: "Now, when I was a boy, this is the way my dear old mother used to crimp the edges. I'll bet many of you ladies who think you are modern are still using this dated method. Aren't you now? Admit it! Come on, don't be ashamed!" There are several shy grunts from the crowd.

"Now I'll show you the 1950 way. Come a little closer, please." He whips round the pastry with a gadget. "Notice that it not only crimps but cuts off the excess at the same time. It's so simple that even a man can do it."

Then he rolls the pastry once more, making frequent references to his mother and home and the struggles of cookery before he, Abbott, "lightened the ladies' day by selling them leisure."

He makes a clumsy act of cutting out cookies with an old cup then shows a shining bladed instrument which produces half a dozen different shapes in a single roller movement. Triumphantly Abbott announces: "The brain

child of a great Lancashire inventor who used to watch his mother baking when he was a boy."

He produces a glass, breaks the white of an egg into it, and takes a plunger. "In less than 10 seconds, ladies, I'll beat this white so stiff you could cut it with a knife. If the chickens knew what we did to their eggs they'd go mad." He adds the yolk and announces that he will make an omelet sufficient for two people out of the one egg.

"You will notice that I'm using only best butter. But that's because my firm pays for it, not me. You may use margarine. In seven seconds that omelet will be cooked."

He talks about the need for a low light, the uses of pepper and salt, the vagaries of frying pans, while a golden-brown circle inflates itself on the grill. Still chattering, Abbott cuts this up, spears pieces on cherry sticks and hands them round the crowd.

"Would you believe it?" he cries. "An omelet for two out of one egg! All through this special plunger selling at 98 cents."

The Cordon Bleu would not accept his dish as an omelet. But its size and its taste are impressive.

Following a three-minute demonstration recently in a Toronto department store Abbott sold 17 egg plungers. He banks on taking himself between \$10 and \$20 a performance.

A student demonstrator who took over Abbott's ready-made crowd spent five minutes on the same demonstration and sold only eight plungers. "You see," said Abbott, "it's personality and experience that make all the difference. But the boy's coming on well."

Before 1950 dawned, and within six months of selling his furniture in New York to pay his debts, Abbott moved into a small suite of offices just beyond the gypsy zone on Queen Street West, downtown Toronto, set himself up under the trade name of Abbott from England, hired a manager and four clerks and started making regular \$60 trans-Atlantic telephone calls to speed up consignments of British kitchenware.

In reputable department stores in Ontario, Quebec and Vancouver he is now employing 30 demonstrators trained in his own line of patter.

He has on the road five commercial travelers who arrange demonstrations and sell in the orthodox way British kitchen goods ranging in size up to entire sink and cupboard units. They are also breaking ground for a variety of new lines such as plastic horses, ducks, elephants, lambs "or other lovable characters," and red lamps for putting around holes in the road.

Women Respect Male Cooks

Men outnumber women two to one among Abbott's demonstrators. Wherever cooking is involved he uses men. "Women customers," he says, "show more respect for a man's cooking ideas. Also, it amuses them to watch a man messing about."

He uses women to demonstrate polish, dishcloths, and cleaning gadgets. In a Montreal department store one of his demonstrators, Aimée Gonthier, makes \$100 a week regularly. His demonstrators now get \$40 a week flat plus a sliding commission on weekly sales, but the boss is considering a profit-sharing scheme for his staff.

About 50 applicants ask him for jobs each week; only one in the 50 turns out to be the right type. "I can spot a born demonstrator at once," he says, "it's all personality... God's truth it is!" His staff includes a former policeman, actor, laundry hand, truck driver and hotel receptionist. "Good salesmen are good spenders," Abbott adds. "They are often broke. This is because they know they can always go out next week and make some more."

The gadgets Abbott sells cost him approximately half the retail price. When all his overheads are met he figures on clearing 10%.

At the CNE last year a man who said he was also in the demonstration business approached Abbott and asked confidentially, "Your pastry works swell. How do you mix it?"

Abbott, who buys ordinary pastry from bakery stores, said from the corner of his mouth: "You take a pound of flour and a pound of soap flakes. Add a cup of water and throw in a dash of oil of cloves. Then roll a strip of plasticine into it and whiten with tennis shoe cleaner."

Continued on page 26



"Why yes — as a matter of fact my mother is at home."



More than any other room, it's the housewife's own, where she spends a necessary four to six hours every day. There are many ideas for making the kitchen a brighter, pleasanter place and kitchen work easier. Here are some of them you'll want to discuss with your Plumbing Contractor when planning a modern, efficient kitchen.

AREAS—The basic kitchen layouts ("U", "L" and "Corridor" or "Aisle"), each adaptable to many variations, are all designed to arrange the three main kitchen areas to best advantage.

These areas are: The Receiving and Storage Area (where the refrigerator belongs); the Preparation and Cleaning-Up Area (of which the sink is the centre), and the Cooking and Serving Area (where the range is the basic unit). You might like, too, to consider a planning

table—with provision for cook books, recipe files, invoices, and perhaps a telephone and radio. Probably you'll also want to plan for eating some meals in the kitchen—using table and chairs, breakfast nook, breakfast bar, or a foldaway table.

The HEART—The sink has been called, with reason, "the heart of the kitchen". It is the work centre where the day's kitchen duties begin and end. Two major types of kitchen sinks are now available, each with variations. For those who wish to build their sink into a composition counter top, the "flat rim" type of sink can be obtained with either single or double basin and with or without integral back ledge. For the many who prefer their sink and drainboard as a continuous unit, suitable for cabinet installation, gleaming porcelain sinks can be obtained—with single or double basin, having drainboards at each side. A complete selection of types and materials is offered in the modern Crane line—smart to look at, labour-saving to use, easy to clean. Ask your Plumbing Contractor for complete information.

LIGHT—Colour scheme, window space, arrangement of lighting—all can help make the kitchen brighter and cheerier. Some ideas: have sink under a window—low enough so that lawn or garden and children at play are in view... have a light over sink with its own control switch... have several electric outlets—for appliances, refrigerator, possibly electric range—and perhaps an extra one for vacuum cleaner and floor polisher.

MIXING—You'll want to consider the advantages of the "mixing spout

faucet". This delivers water at the temperature you desire through one spout. It supplants the individual hot and cold water faucets which chill or might scald the hands. You can also obtain a spray, attached to a rubber hose, with which to clean vegetables and wash down the sink.

STORAGE—Adequate and proper storage space, both above and below the level of the working surfaces, is most important. The ideal, of course, is to have everything off the counter tops (except for such equipment as food mixer and coffee grinder) and readily accessible to the appropriate work area. Cooking utensils, for example, should

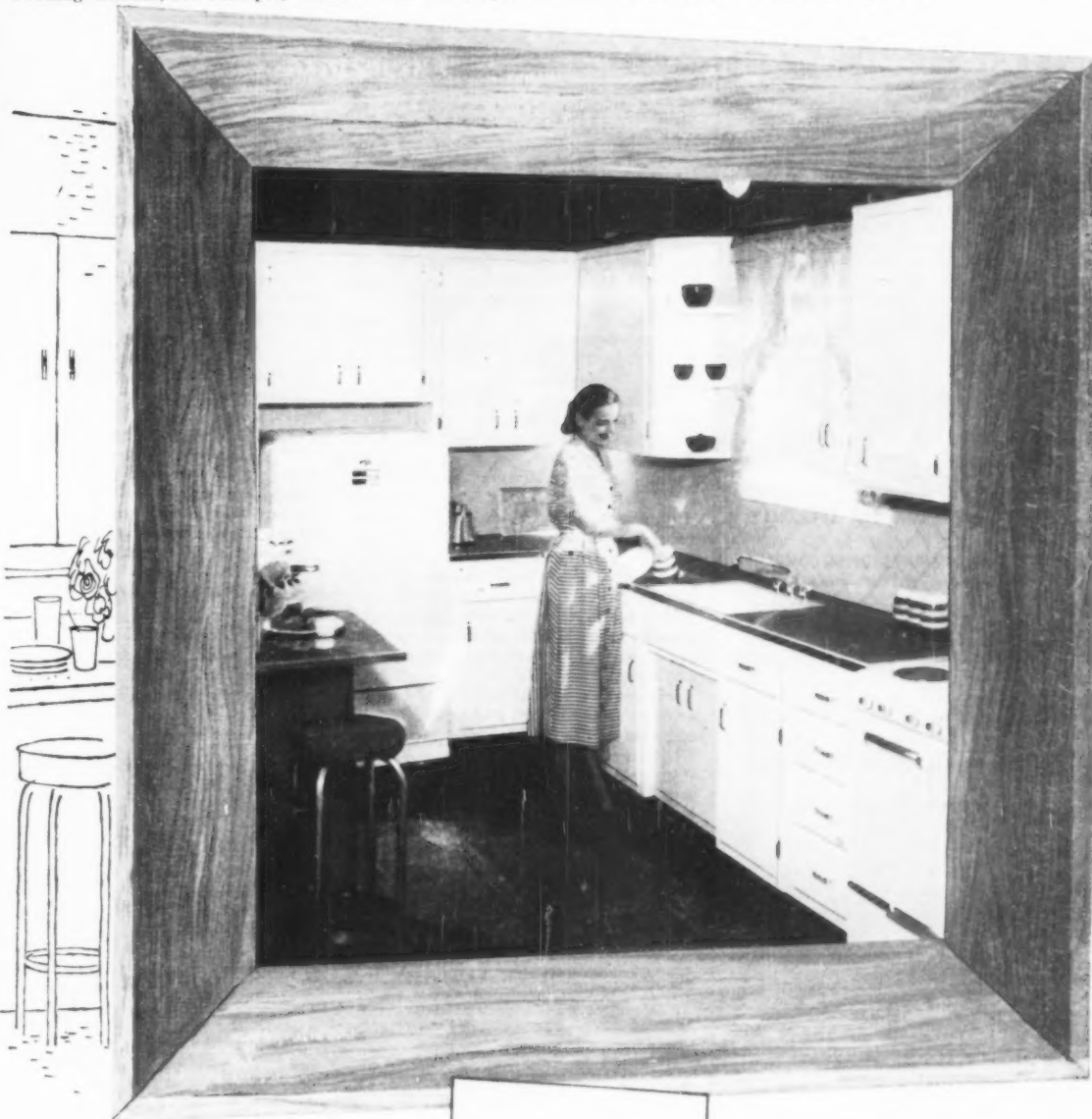
be conveniently stored between sink and range.

Many types of cabinets are obtainable today. They can be custom built of wood to fit precise specifications, or can be purchased as individual units either in wood or steel for grouping in almost any arrangement. A noteworthy unit is the modern under-sink cabinet, supplied as one unit to fit either single-drainboard or double-drainboard sinks. All Crane sinks can be supplied with factory-made cabinets to match modern kitchen interiors.

UNSEEN—Equally important as the things seen in the kitchen are those unseen—such as the piping behind the walls which provides an ample supply

of running water and carries away the waste. That is another reason why it is always wise to check your plans with your Plumbing Contractor. Then you can be sure of having an economical and efficient piping system. He can supply you with a complete, dependable Crane installation—the type of kitchen sink you desire—all your bathroom fittings and fixtures—and all the valves and piping that service them.

Ask him, too, for the Crane booklet "Planning Your Bathroom and Kitchen"—or write direct to Crane General Office: 1170 Beaver Hall Square, Montreal 2, Quebec.



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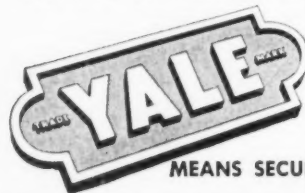
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Continued from page 24

The man took careful notes, thanked Abbott. "I'd like to have seen him working with that mixture," says Abbott wistfully.

Once a woman in the crowd embarrassed Abbott by insisting he used special water in his pastry. Finally Abbott said, "Yes, madam, we use heavy water—the same stuff required for the atom bomb. It's flown to us from Chalk River."

Dressing Women in Windows

He likes repartee and encourages arguments. Once he had to separate two women who started pushing each other around during a fierce debate on how to put the rise in a Yorkshire pudding.

To one woman who listened to five gadget demonstrations without buying Abbott said quietly: "Come, madam, when are you going to make up your mind?"

"I bought one yesterday," she returned. "It's a proper champion. But I just like to hear you talk. You're a Lancashire lad, aren't you?"

"That's right, lass!" beamed Abbott.

In all Abbott's amusing recollections there is a Chaplinesque undertone of tragedy. He talks about himself endlessly and frequently interrupts himself with "No, I'm telling a lie." Then he recasts his sentence.

He was brought up in gaudy, frolicsome, beery Blackpool, which outphoned Coney Island, and caters to Lancashire cotton workers on their annual spree, called Wakes Week.

"I had to take a job at 14 dressing dummies in a store window because my mother was going blind and my father had broken himself financially trying to cure her. My school friends used to gather outside and laugh at me. One day I had such a time getting a tight sweater onto a 'woman' that I twisted her arm off. I walked straight out without waiting for the sack."

He dares not tell his parents. "I stood on the end of Central Pier—no I'm telling a lie, it was North Pier—wondering whether to throw myself off." Wandering aimlessly round the amusement arcades he watched the cheap-Jacks and mock auctioneers unloading baubles onto holidaymakers and decided to try his hand.

"My mustache was like a soccer match—11 on each side—so I blacked it, told them I was 19, and got a job. They gave me the big tough stuff to sell, canteens of cutlery, and the like. But I got going so well that whenever I had a customer interested one of the other chaps would sidle across, say, 'Let me clinch it for you, son,' and then claim 80% of my commission."

By the time he was 16 Abbott was demonstrating gadgets all over the United Kingdom.

A Fat Woman Hit the Road

On New Year's Eve when he was 17 he was returning from Newcastle to Blackpool after a highly successful week and he accepted a glass of whisky from some men in the train.

"My father was waiting to meet me because he needed my money. There was I standing with four empty bags, one under each arm and one in each hand, the family breadwinner. But my dad smelled my breath. I left the station with my dad walking backward in front of me smacking both sides of my face and saying, 'I'll teach you to come home rolling drunk.'"

Today at an ordinary gathering Abbott allows himself up to two shots of whisky. But on New Year's Eve he'll take four.

When he was 20 he wanted to be a

real commercial traveler. So he started shadowing Thomas M. Nutbrown, a hardware manufacturer in Blackpool.

"If ever I drove a man crackers it was Mr. Nutbrown," says Abbott. "Honest I did! When he went for a beer there was me waiting to buy him one. When he went to a restaurant there was me sitting at the same table. Once on a tram I'd paid for his ticket before he realized I was straphanging at his elbow. He was nearly crying when I finally landed a job."

Abbott told Nutbrown he could drive. Nutbrown bought him a second-hand car and put him on the road. Abbott learned to drive secretly. "Within an hour of passing my test I knocked a fat woman off a bike. But I talked her out of reporting me by buying her a new pair of silk stockings."

On his first sales tour he headed for Glasgow. In 120 miles the car broke down four times and each time Abbott had to call Nutbrown to wire money to get the car out of the garage. Nutbrown whimpered: "Abbott, you've already wrecked my digestion. Now you're trying to bankrupt me. What is all this?"

But Abbott survived because he was a natural salesman. By the time the war broke out he was on Nutbrown's London staff.

Abbott married his dark, Cockney-Irish wife Doris, who used to be a ballet mistress at the Palladium, during a London blitz. At the time he was medical category B, an orderly room sergeant in the pioneers. In December, 1948, the two decided to move to America to manufacture and market cheap kitchen scales in New York. The venture was a flop and the two were reduced to one meal a day.

Abbott, a heavy smoker, once even bummed a cigarette from a stranger but was so humiliated he never tried it again.

The Precious Gift of the Gab

He sold for \$1,500 furniture which in England had cost him three times as much; he had also spent \$600 to ship it out. When they paid their debts in New York they had \$250 left. Feeling it was safer for British subjects to be broke under the Union Jack they headed for Canada. Abbott's idea was to get a job in Montreal for just as long as it took him to save another \$100 toward fares for England.

"But a few days after I crossed the border," he says, "I could have kicked myself for not coming to Canada in the first place. Everybody was so friendly. And the opportunities! Heavens above! The country's wide open to anyone who'll work."

To his wife's surprise he took a job demonstrating in a department store. He told her he'd learned this game as a boy and then abandoned it for the "more respectable" straight commercial traveling.

The first week of demonstrating in Montreal Abbott made \$25, the second week \$65, the third week \$35. "My share of the commission was absurd," he says. "I was very worried. We were making no headway toward the fare home. But I realized I still had the gift of the gab and that on my own I could make a go of it."

Doris agreed to risking their fare money on rent of a booth at the CNE and they got a lift to Toronto where they moved into one room. Abbott cabled his old employer, Nutbrown, to telephone him. When he was advised that Nutbrown was putting the call through he exulted, "Faint heart never won fair lady."

Abbott told Nutbrown of the stand and the opportunities it presented for breaking into the dollar market by

demonstrations. At once Nutbrown shipped Abbott 20 gross of pastry cutters "on the cuff." Said Abbott as he replaced the receiver and sank into a chair, "The Lord looks after His own." Since then it has been clear sailing.

All last winter the Abbotts rented a pretty eight-room house in North Toronto which belongs to R. York Wilson, a well-known Canadian artist who was then painting in Mexico. They paid \$150 a month. They also bought a 1950 Chevrolet.

Last spring they sailed to England first class in the Queen Elizabeth to look over new lines.

"There were a lot of chaps in Britain who'd heard I'd gone broke in New York," says Abbott, "and who were just waiting to tell me 'We told you so.' They laughed on the other side of their faces when I showed 'em the orders I was dishing out. Eee-eech by gosh, it did my old ticker good!"

Never Tell When You're Broke

When he returned from England after six weeks Abbott moved into a suite at the King Edward Hotel, Toronto, and started house hunting again. Within 10 days he'd talked a North Toronto builder into renting him a brand-new unfurnished house originally intended for sale. Abbott who still pays \$150 a month rent but may buy the house eventually says: "Who wants to buy a home before they've lived in it for a year? Not me! I like time to find out all the snags."

Last fall the Abbotts entertained the entire company of George Formby's visiting show. At parties Mrs. Abbott likes to teach everybody the samba, perform solo tap dances and tell nostalgic stories of the days when London's West End knew her as Doris Dooley, the boss of the Crazy Gang chorus. Abbott looks on with mingled pride and anxiety. Once when his wife greeted guests in a vermilion skirt he said reproachfully, "Eeeh luv, you look like a red devil."

This year the self-styled Gadget King hopes to make himself \$40,000. Inundated with offers of merchandise from dollar-starved English exporters, he's already strong enough to stipulate "sole agency in Canada." He's bought controlling interest in a small company making utility polish and has begun stamping out a few kitchen utensils of his own design in Toronto. Soon he hopes to re-enter the American market, once so disastrous for him.

Bernard Abbott has three precepts on which he's based his success: "No job is undignified if it pays off"; "Always keep a smile on your face"; "Never tell when you're broke."

One of his friends says: "He'll make those Canadians who say that British salesmanship lacks aggression eat their own words. But first he'll sell them a gadget for preparing the words daintily." ★

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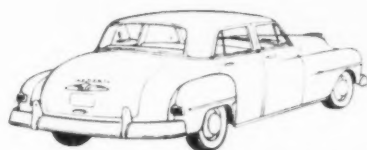
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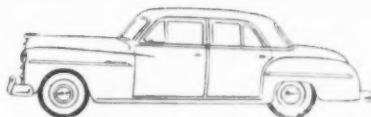
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Two Million Dollars on The Dotted Line

Continued from page 14

Selling insurance, as Crawford, the Outside Man, likes to remark is not like selling a car, "where you can talk about its speed and grace."

"All you've got in insurance," he points out, "are the two dark intangibles of 'What will happen when you are too old to work?' and 'How would your family be fixed if you dropped dead?'"

Thus, to be successful insurance men Crawford and Bell must be a mixture of private detective, banker, lawyer and carpetbagger. Indeed, one prospect, who took a long time to convince, used to call them cheerfully "the Shades of Death."

In their early days they used to seek new prospects in the wedding and birth columns of the newspapers. New husbands and fathers were likely to be pondering their added responsibilities. Death notices led them to the beneficiaries of wills who were probably thinking of buying an annuity. Graduation lists of schools and colleges suggested parents who would probably be receptive to life policies for education of further children.

When the society columns indicated that an existing policyholder had been guest of a likely customer, Crawford and Bell would seek an introduction to the host through the guest.

Today, however, they find most of their clients' names in financial publications. The man who buys needs protection. The man who sells has cash to invest. They thumb through telephone books, city directories, company reports, professional brochures, house magazines and much other literature for pointers to potential clients or information about their backgrounds. Before they approach a man they build up a detailed dossier on his business life, family background, habits, hobbies, failings and virtues.

But Dodges Sometimes Boomerang

They call one form of prospecting "the Endless Chain." This means getting passed on from one client to another. They call a second form "Centres of Interest." This means establishing the good will of an individual prominent in certain business, social or sporting circles and getting him to put the finger on likely types in his orbit.

Next comes the approach. Many underwriters use tricks to get into the offices of men notoriously hard to see. A common subterfuge at one time was to write out a cheque in the name of the man's wife and send it in via his secretary. Curiosity generally prompted the quarry to admit the hunter. The insurance man would begin the interview by exclaiming: "How would you like your wife to get a cheque like that every month when you are gone?"

One underwriter, knowing that a slippery prospect was an inveterate gambler, finally got into his sanctum by filling in the line against "Business" on the visitor's chit with the word "Betting." He opened by saying triumphantly: "My company will bet you \$100,000 to \$4,000 that you'll be alive one year from today!" Glee-fully the prospect cried: "You're on!"

Crawford and Bell insist they never use such dodges because they boomerang. They have reached the top by a single formula. Instead of calling themselves insurance salesmen, agents or underwriters, they operate under the tag "Taxation and Insurance Con-

sultants." Bell, the Inside Man, started it.

What it boils down to is this: Crawford and Bell offer their clients a service of estate analysis and planning. They clarify to the client the difference between what he has when alive and producing and what his estate will be worth when he is dead. The service also shows how, by drawing up a will in certain ways, and modifying it as circumstances change, a man can avoid many death duties.

In the case of affluent men with fluctuating incomes and many varied investments this is a highly complex task snarled with legal red tape and financial puzzles. But Bell's keen brain bores down like a diamond drill. Crawford and Bell then produce for their clients a picture of:

WHAT YOU HAVE NOW: income and assets.

WHAT WILL BE TAKEN ON DEATH: succession duties, surrogate court fees, lawyers' charges, executors' expenses, funeral costs, etc.

WHAT IS LEFT FOR THE FAMILY: liquid assets with guaranteed values (listed stocks, bonds, cash, insurance), nonliquid assets with guaranteed values (mortgages); nonliquid assets without guaranteed values (real estate, personal effects, furniture, stock in private companies).

Bell and His Brass Tacks

Even in the case of wealthy men a table like this often shows that insufficient cash will be available at time of death to provide a continuing high standard of life for widows and children.

In many cases handled by Crawford and Bell the client ends his perusal of their figures by scratching his head and saying: "Guess I should carry some more life insurance." On this the partners sagely nod their heads and produce an application form.

Crawford the salesman opens up on a new contact with what he calls a "thought-provoking letter." This, he says, must be appropriate to the man's character and circumstances. Here is a typical example:—

Dear Mr. —

During the past eight years many changes have taken place in tax legislation in Canada. Some of these have had a tremendous effect on the personal estates of men and women who have accumulated capital.

As taxation and estate consultants we have made surveys of over 500 estates of varying sizes during that time and it has been possible, in the majority of cases, for us to make constructive suggestions which have meant sizeable savings to our clients. A list of our clients includes the names of many whom you will know.

We feel certain that you cannot fail to be interested and in any event we would like to call you by telephone in a few days with the idea of arranging an appointment to discuss this matter with you.

Yours very truly,

S. Hume Crawford.

He follows up with the telephone call. Bell says his partner's telephone technique is "superb." He nearly always manages to turn it into an affable chat about mutual business acquaintances or interests.

During the interview which usually follows Crawford gives the prospect a vigorous and telling description of their consultative work. But at the same time he contrives to keep the atmosphere congenial with talk about football, children, or any other topic

which might hold interest. Crawford calls this "relieving the sales pressure." Finally he suggests it would be a good idea if Bell, "our legal and financial specialist," paid a call.

If this is agreed the Inside Man moves in and gets down to brass tacks. He gets the highly confidential details about the man's estate. Then he draws up the analysis.

Both partners then talk this over and modify it. Crawford says: "Bill is a theorist, a perfectionist. His figures are fine. But these figures are all mixed up with human hopes, prejudices and fears. I like people and understand them and often I suggest adjustments to the proposals Bill has drawn up."

When the final proposition is prepared the partners see the client together, preferably in their own office where he won't be distracted. This last interview may take three hours.

Ethics Among Friends

During their social life Crawford's and Bell's ears are always pricked for the odd sentence that might lead to a prospect. Bell says, "It is never unethical to raise the subject of business among friends. It is only sometimes inopportune."

Crawford and Bell have been frowned on by lawyers and accountants as intruders on their professional preserves. They counter by insisting a client shows their analysis to his other advisers. "And anyhow," says Crawford, "Bill Bell's a lawyer himself."

Crawford once missed a sale right under his nose through procrastination. He knew that a man in the same building was a good prospect. For weeks he passed this man's floor in the elevator, saying, "I'll tackle him tomorrow." When he made his approach he found the man had bought a \$50,000 policy 24 hours previously, from a rival company.

Frequently they do estate analysis and planning for a man who is uninsurable for health reasons. This often leads them to good business elsewhere in the man's circle.

Recently they knew from doctors' reports that a certain man was in good health when they approached him. But it took them six months to get him to the Manufacturer's Life doctor. By this time he had developed an incurable disease. If he had taken his medical earlier his widow would be \$50,000 better off today.

They Fended For Themselves

Big business once came to them on the turn of a sentence. Through life insurance a man provided his daughter with a legacy of \$100,000. When he had signed the application Bell said, "It seems a bit unfair to do this for your daughter and not your son." The client thought for a moment and said, "You're right. Make it another \$100,000 for the boy." At that moment Crawford and Bell picked up \$3,250 commission.

Most of their clients are in the upper-income brackets but they never scorn smaller business. A poor prospect today may be a rich prospect tomorrow. Again insurance turnover among the middle and lower income groups is increasing. Heavy taxation and the high cost of living have made it impossible for the average man to accumulate an estate in any other way. Without life insurance few men earning under \$10,000 a year could guarantee a widow and children dignity and comfort.

To perceive the underlying reasons for their success you have to know something about Crawford and Bell's backgrounds.

Crawford was born in Toronto. His father was also an insurance man. Bell was born in Alliston, Ont. His father was a lawyer. Each lost his father when he needed him most. Each had to fend for himself. But both had private-school educations and both went on to the University of Toronto where they had brilliant athletic careers. Youthful contacts among the sons of the wealthy have since spelled good business.

Stocky Crawford has a craggy, freckled face etched with the dour lines of Scottish ancestry and his now

grey hair is still peppered with its original red. His presence in a room is so potent you feel he should be thwacking his calf with a riding crop and blasting some Sikh groom for saddling the wrong charger. But when he speaks he is incisive without noise, erudite and fluent. You switch impressions and feel that he would be more at home in a surgery.

Service as an infantry officer with the 48th Highlanders in World War I and 20 years with the Reserve Army have marked him. But these brands are no deeper than those scored on him

by medical student days cut short in 1914. He played Rugby football for the University of Toronto in the same team as the hallowed trio Laddie Cassells, Pete Campbell and Jack Maynard.

Crawford looks younger than his 55 years and still does setting-up exercises every morning. His motto is "Drive." He went into insurance on his return from France in 1919 because he wanted to get married and couldn't support a wife while completing medical studies.

Bell looks a trifle more than his 40 years, is already greyer than Crawford, and in spite of his athletic background

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looks pale and ascetic behind rimless glasses.

His speech is so soft you often have to crane your neck to hear and his dress is subdued. It is hard to believe he won his weight at university boxing but the shield is there among old sporting photos in his den to prove it.

More in keeping with his scholastic aspect is his prowess at that obscure geometrical science known as cricket. He captained a Canadian team touring England in 1936. His brother Clark, who was killed with the Hamilton Light Infantry at Dieppe, was one of Canada's best batsmen ever (Bill Bell himself didn't serve in the forces).

Granite, Lambton and Albany

Bell has built his career on the words of a friend who once told him: "Down here (lowering his hand knee-high) competition is fierce. But up here (raising his hand shoulder-high) competition is almost nonexistent."

He graduated in law from Osgoode Hall during the depression, failed to get a foothold, taught at Ridley for a year, tried law once more, again failed, and swung into insurance be-

cause he was convinced his legal training would give him an advantage. He was right.

Out of their earnings Crawford and Bell have both established their families in houses worth between \$20,000 and \$30,000. Crawford has three grownup children and a grandchild; Bell has one daughter, aged 7.

Both curl at the Granite, golf at Lambton, and relax in the Albany Club, all-exclusive reserves where the waiters let out an anxious whinny on sight of suits off the peg. They both do Red Cross and service-club work. Crawford is captain of a Red Cross "special names team," hand-picked personnel with contacts which enable them to collect fat sums from the wealthy.

The older partner does not deny that in social service work they make many lucrative business associations. "But," he insists, "if one did not work hard and sincerely one's reputation would be ruined at once."

There's another way they could suffer a stiff blow—if Crawford should lose Bell or Bell should lose Crawford. So naturally, Crawford has insured Bell and Bell has returned the compliment. ★

Starring Danny Kaye

Continued from page 16

hasn't been in this country long enough to catch the fast stuff we throw at him."

Danny turned to me. "Where were we? The old life history. Oh, yeah. You see, I always wanted to be a doctor, but things got tough at home and I couldn't go to medical school." He paused. "You know, I've told my life history so often I am bored with myself."

I said, "Let's go on to 'The Straw Hat Review,' your first time on Broadway. The Shubert brothers brought your summer theatre gang to Broadway, and..."

"Get Sylvia in there," he said. "I met her in a summer resort and she started writing special numbers for me. That made the difference. Sylvia's got a fine head on my shoulders."

One Eye Was Kinda Chinese

Kaye turned to Merrill. "I told Rudy Bing I'm crazy to do the role at the Met, especially on account of all the money he's putting out. I get 40 bucks a performance."

"Hotel expenses, too?" Merrill asked. "We're fighting on that," said Danny.

Mrs. Kaye entered in a cerise robe and, sniffing with a cold, said, "I want to write a special number for Danny in 'Die Fledermaus.'"

Danny said, "I had a picture painted of me in Paris. It's crated up but I have a photo." He passed it around. "One eye is kinda Chinese," Danny explained. "I was leaning back, that's why. A lot of artists started out to paint me and gave up. Second time I come to pose, they say, 'This isn't the way you looked last time. Your face has changed.' They all give up. The artist that painted this one is coming over here this fall. Maybe she'll add some more to it."

I was still plugging away at my assignment to get Danny Kaye's life story. I prompted him by referring to my background research. "Mrs. Kaye's special numbers you sang in 'The Straw Hat Revue' got you a job at the Martinique night club on Broadway, where you appeared after the stage show. Then every producer in Broadway and Hollywood crowded into the Martinique with offers..."

"Uh huh," said Danny, and turned to his pal, Robert Merrill. "Bobby, you ought to see Paris. When you come in from the airport and see the Place de la Concorde—what a sight! I'm going right back to Hollywood and learn French. Tell me, how do you learn an aria when it's in French? Or do you speak it?"

"I can't speak it," said Merrill, "but I learn what all the words mean before I sing French."

"Terribly frustrating, not knowing it," said Danny. "A crowd would gather around us in the street in Paris. I'd say, 'And-how-are-you-feeling-today - and - how's - business?' They'd shrug their shoulders and say, 'Wee wee.' They didn't know whether I was bawling them out or what."

I cleared my throat and said loudly, "The big producers discovered you at the Martinique, singing that song 'Stanislavsky,' that Mrs. Kaye wrote. Moss Hart put you in his musical play, 'Lady in the Dark,' with Gertrude Lawrence..."

"Mossie's an old Borsch Circuit boy," said Danny. "Funny thing about Paris when I was there in 1948. I had just come from my first date at the London Palladium. Couldn't move in the streets of London for people. In Paris they had never seen me before. It was a strange feeling, walking around Paris. Wonderful to have such freedom." He added quickly, "I'm not the least bit sure I'd have liked it if it had gone on that way."

He went on, "I played in England in a place called Liverpool. The only thing you could do there was play golf. We would call up a golf course and say, 'We want a nice quiet game. No publicity, please.' They'd say, 'Of course, Mr. Kaye. We understand, sir.' Then we'd go to another course because everybody would be rushing to the first one. But, even at that, the people would gather. The word spread around like lightning. Now I know how the underground worked."

Toomlers in the Catskills

I clutched Danny's arm and said, "The way you sang that Tchaikovsky number in 'Lady in the Dark,' in which you rattled off the names of 30 tongue-twisting Russian composers in 40 seconds..."

A new friend entered. Danny embraced him. The newcomer held

Danny off at arm's length and exclaimed, "English boy!" pinching Kaye's tweed jacket.

Danny said, "I've known this character for 20 years. Phil Goldfarb."

Goldfarb said, "We used to be in show business together, the kid and me. Now I'm in the giftware business."

Danny said, "Up at White Roe Lake in the Catskills we used to be toomlers."

"Toomlers?" I asked.

"Nah, toomlers. From raising a tumult. We had to put on an act day and night to keep the customers from checking out of the hotel. Phil and I used to do a great toomle at lunch on rainy days. I'd burst out of the kitchen into the dining room, wearing a chef's hat and screaming my lungs out. After we would come Phil, waving a cleaver. We'd spill a few tables to get the customers in good humor."

Danny passed the photo of the painting to Goldfarb, who studied it for a moment and said, "The nose is good. What did you do in Paris? Did you ever find that sausage you wanted?"

"I looked four days before I found it."

Merrill said, "How was the salami on the boat going over?"

"Bobby! You're the one that sent me the salami. It was great. We ate it all the way over on the Queen Elizabeth."

I fought my way through the salami and tried to get the conversation back to the life story. I reminded Danny, "Sam Goldwyn took you out of 'Lady in the Dark' and gave you the star part in your first film, 'Up in Arms.' That was the one where you sang 'Melody in 4-F.'" Sylvia's novelty tune about a conscript trying to avoid being drafted into the Army. After that came the hit movies 'Wonder Man,' 'The Secret Life of Walter

Mitty' and 'The Kid from Brooklyn.'"

"That reminds me," said Danny. "when I was in Italy I saw 'The Kid From Brooklyn' in Italian. It was called 'Preferisco Vacca,' which means, 'I prefer the cow.' You figure it out."

Mrs. Kaye said, "Danny, you were supposed to call Rudy Bing at the Met. He sails for Europe tonight."

"Syl, see if you can get him on the phone." Mrs. Kaye did so.

"Hello, Rudy," said Danny. "Now, listen, Rudy. I want to give you some advice for European travelers. Don't go losing your luggage before you get on the boat."

Merrill said, "Rudy lived in Europe all his life."

Danny continued, "Rudy, I'm crazy to do 'Die Fledermaus,' but the way you scheduled it I have only eight weeks to do my picture after I close in Toronto. If you can postpone it two weeks, I'll say yes right now. The studio wants me to do the Met. Zanuck wants me to do it. Skouras wants me to do it. Okay, let me know by July."

Gibberish In Swiss-German

Danny Kaye hung up and said, "I heard a wonderful Russian gypsy singer in one of those konkamunga joints in Paris. She had a great song. It went like this." He hummed a melancholy lament and left the room.

Merrill said, "The boy has one of the best musical ears there is. Just great."

Danny returned with a pack of cigarettes. "You ever smoke French cigarettes?" His guests flinched and made distressed faces. "You know something," said Danny, "I'm the guy that likes French cigarettes. I never knew how to order the kind I like in French. Everything I said the Frenchmen would back off and throw up their hands and say, 'Formy-dabb!' They

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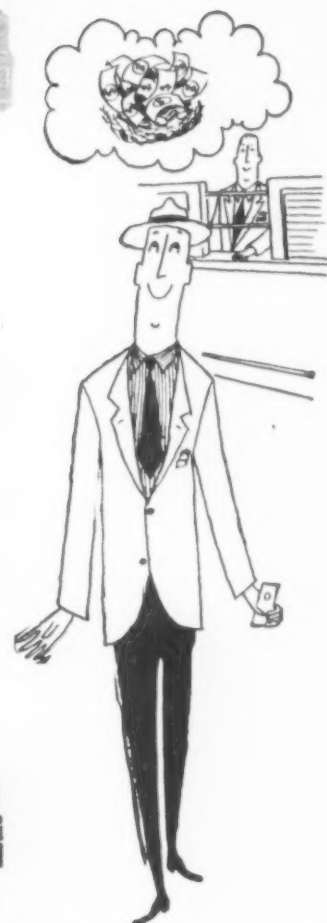
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said I had a great French accent. Someday I'm going to learn the words."

Goldfarb asked, "What did you do in England?"

"We spent a couple of week ends with the Oliviers," said Danny, studying his neat black shoes. "They really fit, the English shoes. They feel like gloves. I was in Switzerland. Warners called me up from Hollywood and said my picture was opening in Zurich and asked me to go to the opening. I made a speech in German." He waved his hands and invented a nonsense uproar that sounded like the tumbling of heavy locks. "That's Swiss-German. No kidding, they understood me."

I wearily tried again. "Danny! The life history! We're up to where you finished your last picture, 'A Song is Born,' and you go to London and wow them at the Palladium . . ."

Phil Goldfarb said, "The kid was the biggest thing that happened there since the abdication. This fellow, Val Parnell, who manages the Palladium—"

"It was a howl," said Danny. "The Parnells went to Paris with us this time. We started laughing on the plane and it was four days of solid yuks, listening to Val speak French."

A new friend entered. "Louis!" Danny cried and hugged him. "Louis Eisen. We used to be a team in the Borsch Circuit," he told me. Eisen said, "Now I'm a chiropractor."

Danny told his old pals, "The konkamunga called up from Hollywood this morning. The older she gets the crazier she gets. I asked her what she wanted from New York and she said a puppy she can hold in her arms."

I suspected he was talking about his four-year-old daughter, and asked, "What was that nickname you called your daughter?"

"That's no nickname," said Danny. "That's her real name, Dena. D-E-N-A." I transferred some ink to my forehead as I smote it with my hand.

"Twentieth Century, my new studio, is making wonderful preparations for my new picture," said Danny. "It's called 'On the Riviera' and the entire film is going to be made in color right on the French Riviera. I have two French girls playing opposite me, Micheline Prele and Cécile Aubry. I have a dual role—a 48-year-old French roué and an American entertainer in Paris. I am black-haired in the picture. They are saving me a lot of the time on make-up tests by taking pictures of me and painting in different mustaches and hairdos to see which is right."

His Style Was Made In Japan

"Let's get in some golf this week," said Merrill.

"No, I gotta make records all week," said Danny. "But I'll be back this way in a couple of weeks. Gotta go to Washington. They have a celebrity golf tournament, the cabinet, senators and all. After that's over we'll get in some golf, Bobby. I haven't had a club in my hands for eight weeks." Danny noticed me waving my notebook and making unintelligible sounds. He smiled engagingly and said, "Got enough for the life history?"

"All but what you plan to do in your act at the Ex in Toronto. Have you ever played in Canada before?"

"In 1933 I was with the A. B. Marcus show and we played all the way across—Montreal, Saskatchewan, Victoria. Then we went to the Orient—"

Goldfarb said, "The Marcus show was a beat-up musical revue. That's where the kid learned his pantomime and git-gat-gittle singing style, playing before people that didn't understand English in China and Japan."

I said, "Excuse me, Mr. Goldfarb,

but I want to ask Danny if . . ."

"Yeah, let the guy get his story," said Danny. "I'll tell you what; for the life of me, I don't know what I'm going to do in Toronto. I'll do some songs and some of Sylvia's numbers, but I never work the same routine twice. I don't ever know how long I'm going to be on or what's going to happen. When I first played the Palladium—"

"He was a sensation!" said Goldfarb. "—I worried whether 25 minutes would be too long for the first show," said Danny. "I did 55 minutes the first show."

"They wouldn't let him off," said Goldfarb.

He Never Tells a Joke

Danny continued, "I try to go out and entertain and feel what my audience wants. A bunch of English reporters came backstage after the first week and asked me, 'What is your secret? How do you hypnotize an audience?'"

"They sing 'Auld Lang Syne' when the kid is through," said Goldfarb.

"I told the reporters it was a question I couldn't answer," said Danny. "I don't use any hypnotism. I try to go out and entertain. You know I played Dorchester Hotel in London in 1938 and I was a big failure. I didn't use any hypnotism then, either. Careers and lives aren't always in balance." He gestured with his long hands to show how the scales teeter with lives and careers.

"That bit I did with the Dunhills, the dancers on the bill with me at the Palladium. I didn't plan that. It just happened. One night I saw them standing in the wings watching me and I yelled, 'Go 'way, you're stealing my steps.' Just a throwaway line. The crowd gave it a big laugh. I pulled the Dunhills out on stage and we ad-libbed an act together. If I want to sit down on the stage and smoke a cigarette, I do it. There's nothing pre-arranged about it."

"I talk to the audience. I never told a joke in my life. There isn't a gag in any of my shows. I try to stay out there and entertain and I go off when I feel they've had a good show."

"They kept him on for 91 minutes the last time he was at the Paramount," said Goldfarb.

Danny said, "So I can't tell you what'll happen in Toronto. The only thing I know is that they booked 150 Indians with me."

"He'll be elected Indian chief," said Goldfarb. "In London he was in a car crash and bruised his ribs. When he went on that night the audience yelled, 'How's your ribs?' So the kid called a stagehand to bring his X-rays. He held up the X-rays and ad-libbed a great doctor routine."

"Does that answer you about Toronto?" asked Danny.

"Yes," I said. "Thanks a lot." As I went out the door I saw two cheerful fellows entering Danny's suite. I did not have to be told. Two old friends from the Borsch Circuit. *

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The Strange Death of Sam Fletcher

Continued from page 20

shooting was always good for Sam. He never failed to get his limit, sometimes a few more.

THE night before the season opened Sam was sitting in his living room cleaning the heavy protective grease from the working parts of his shotgun. On the floor around him, in much the same pattern he would use in the stubble, he had set out his decoys, custom-built for him by a Ukrainian fellow who could do anything with a jackknife. Even under the pale light of the single floor lamp against the unconvincing background of a carpet they looked real enough to honk.

Their backs slate grey, they all wore the black collar of the Canada goose; their bellies blended realistically from light grey to white. Most of the dozen had been carved in feeding attitudes with their long necks gracefully curved forward as though even now they were sweeping the dark design of the carpet for grain. But two had been given the lifelike poses of sentries, their heads held high, cocked a little to one side at the alert, so they looked like the birds who watched while the others ate.

Later that evening a neighbor, Frank Bailey, dropped in to have a drink and a chat with Sam and to ask his advice about a good place to go hunting. He would never have thought of asking if he could go along because Sam hunted alone, but he knew Sam was always willing to share the information he didn't need, once he had picked the best spot for himself.

Frank thanked him, after Sam had told him of a farm where the geese were feeding, and glanced down in admiration at the decoys.

"God help those geese tomorrow, Sam," he said laughing. "You better get a couple extra for me. I'm still not a very good shot."

Frank left shortly after 10 and Sam slipped his gun back into its leather case, gathered the decoys together with strings around their necks so they could be carried in two large ungainly clumps, and lay down on the sofa with the alarm clock beside him set for 2 a.m.

He was up and half-dressed before the clock went off. A light sleeper anyway, the excitement coursing lightly through him even while he slept had kept him close to wakefulness.

He quickly stowed the gun and the decoys in the back seat of the car, moving with quick little steps that occasionally broke into a hop. Sam had been going out like this on the first day of the goose season for as long as he could remember. The old eagerness was there each time, fresh and tingling as ever.

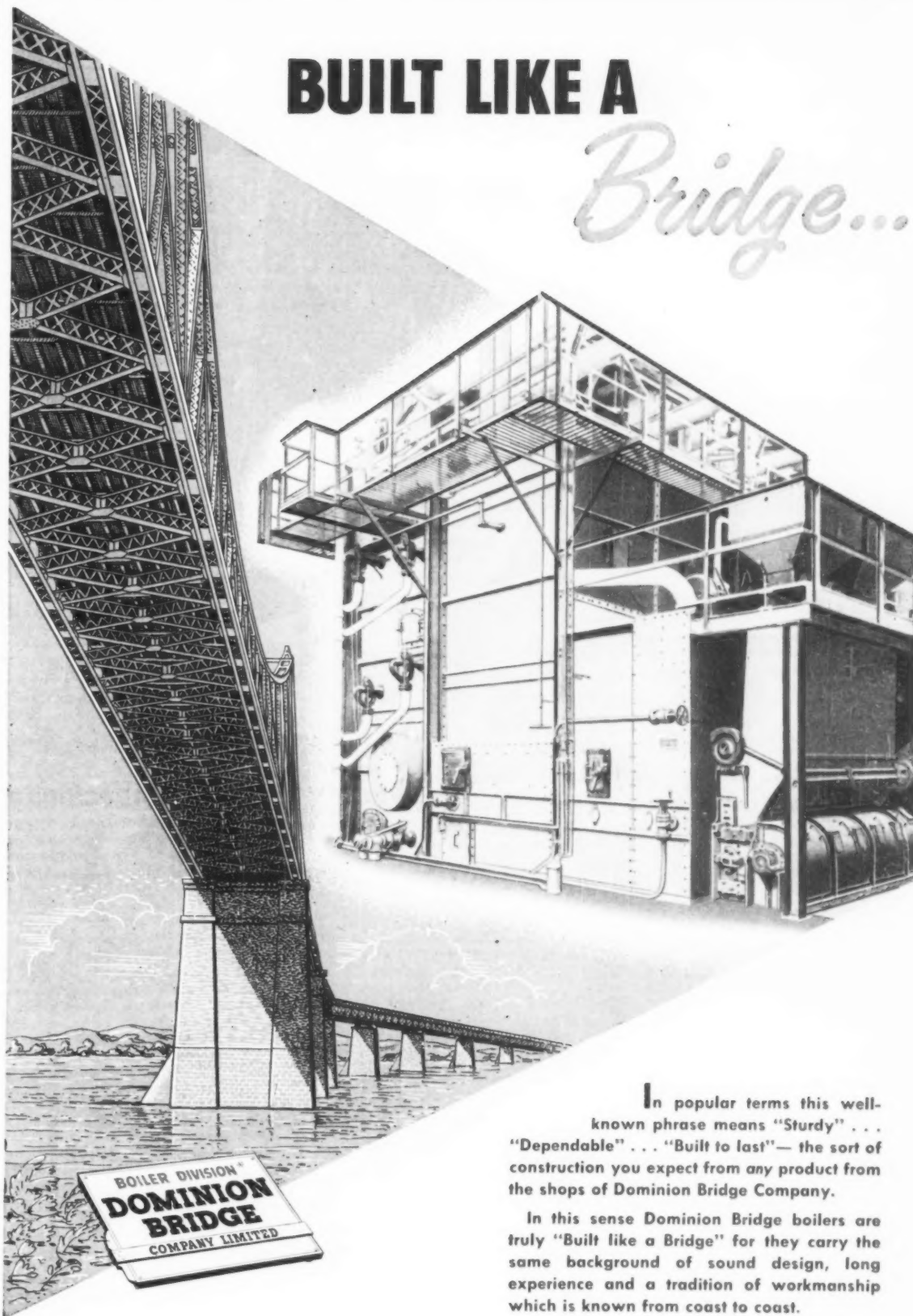
He moved away slowly from the front of the house, sliding the gears into place quietly so he wouldn't waken his neighbors. Under the cottonwood trees that lined his street the night was dark and heavy; the headlights made a hole in it as though it were solid. Out on the main highway, with the gravel hissing under the tires, he saw that a big bright moon grown pale was setting; the air was smoky and sweet with the fragrance of straw fires.

The sideroad down to Nick's farm was a prairie trail deeply rutted with the grass still growing between the grooves worn by the car wheels. The run down to the farm gate was only a mile and a half, and Nick's house was just a little past a high culvert bridging a stream bed that was dry except in the spring.

Continued on page 35

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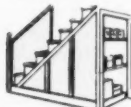
WHAT TO DO WHEN...

lights go out
glass pane breaks
door lock sticks
roof leaks
plaster cracks
furnace smokes
flue backs up
pipes freeze
sink clogs
toilet backs up
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change ice-box door
gasket
install locks
add closet space
make door keys
lay linoleum
refinish floor
mix paints
care for paint brushes
paint over chipped
point
shingle or reroof
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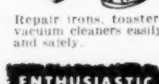
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Continued from page 33

Nick was waiting for him at the gate with a lantern in his hand.

"They're still there," said Nick. "A big flock. You'll shoot lots of geese this time."

"Hope so," said Sam, turning to the back seat and his gear.

Nick moved forward. "You need any help with that stuff?"

Sam grunted. He could manage. He always had. Nick stepped back again and rolled a cigarette.

"You come back here when you've shot your geese and the woman will make you some breakfast," he said quietly as though he were afraid the geese, a half a mile away down on the river, might hear him.

"Thanks," said Sam, shouldering his load. "Where did you dig the blind?"

"On the other side of the same field where you shot the last time. You'll find it all right. Good blind," said Nick.

SAM nodded and trudged across the farmyard, through the gate leading to the first field. His heavy shoes rasped against the stubble as he crossed the field, and pushing his gun before him, slid under the barbed wire fence into the next field where Nick had fixed up the blind. It was a good one. Nick had dug a gravelike pit about two feet down and banked the parapet with sheaves to make it look like a forgotten stook on the edge of the bare field.

Sam set out his decoys, with the sentinels flanking the group, he skipped back to the blind, took out his gun and settled back on a sheaf to wait. He was, he figured, about a quarter of a mile from the river. At dawn the geese would rise from the water and fly in to feed. That was when he would get his sport. His right hand tightened on the breech of his smooth gun in anticipation. If they liked the look of the decoys the big birds would land, planing down on their five-foot wing spread, rocking slightly in the air as they gauged their approach. When they were coming in Sam would have his chance. As a matter of fact he would have a second chance while they completed their landing and made the short run to get air-borne again.

Sam would pick his birds and he would have six shots. While they were taking off again he would have time to load and have another shot at them, if his fingers had not lost their skill or did not become suddenly boneless with excitement. With luck, when he was through there would be six, maybe eight or even 10 of the big grey birds flailing the harsh stubble with their broad wings.

Sometimes that would be the day's shoot. But if a man were patient he would sometimes get another shot at another flock. And there was always the evening flight. There was always another day. Sam smiled, leaned forward and peered into the thin ground haze rolling slowly across the field. He could hear the geese now, gabbling as they stirred themselves, the sound carrying well on the still morning air, clear enough to seem even closer than a quarter of a mile. Sam threw the breech open to make sure he had a shell in the firing chamber, put his hand in the big pocket of his canvas hunting jacket to make sure there were plenty of shells loose and ready to be snatched.

The sound of the birds, the characteristic quarrelsome noise they made only on the ground, was clearer now. They were active and ready to move. The mist was lifting as the first light of the sun, just below the flat line of the prairie horizon, burned through.

Sam scanned the sky carefully now. Any moment there would be the powerful pinions. Sweating a little, he

pushed his cap back from his brow, and as he did, his eyes were attracted by something moving along the wire fence where it snaked over the slope down to the river.

The bright edge of the sun was visible now and in the new hard light it gave Sam saw something which made his breath come faster. Geese, about 50 of them, were walking in Indian file along the line of the fence where he had seen something moving. They moved with the awkwardness of birds who are graceful only in the air. They rocked and waddled as they marched behind their leader, a huge albino drake.

Sam peered closer. He had heard of geese walking short distances but never a quarter of a mile. This was unnatural. In fact there was something unearthly about the whole scene—the big white goose (he had seen albinos before but never one of this size and majesty) the ponderous, slightly ridiculous birds trudging and rolling along on their broad-webbed feet.

At a point opposite his decoys they swung into the field and not more than 50 feet from him began to feed. The albino stood guard, solitary and strong while the rest of the flock, with their long necks curved so their broad bills lay flat along the ground, swept the stubble with greedy speed for the forgotten grain.

It was daylight now and the ground haze had gone. Sam lost his last doubt. The scene was real, all right. It had never happened before, not to him, at least, but it was happening now.

A flock of geese had walked a quarter of a mile to their feeding ground and were now stuffing themselves in full view of him and there was nothing he could do about it. You couldn't shoot a sitting bird—that was against the rules. They were supposed to fly in, swooping swiftly down to offer a sporting target.

Sam spat. But there was something he could do about it. If he hadn't been so startled he would have thought of it at once. A shot over their heads would make them rise and then he would have his shooting.

He grinned as he slid his shotgun up until he was holding it lightly in both hands ready to throw it to his shoulder. The white drake was looking in his direction now and his small pink eyes seemed to be staring right at Sam's. The old bird probably knew he was there. Probably had it all figured out. Sam felt a sudden new respect for the enemy.

He crouched tensely for a moment; he stood up; he threw his gun to his shoulder. To his left there was a blur of white that distracted him for a moment and his finger hesitated on the trigger. And then it was too late to shoot for Sam had been knocked flat on his stomach over the edge of the wheat sheaf parapet and his gun had flown out of his hands in the other direction.

He had fallen so quickly that he was not sure what had happened. There had been a beating rush and a heavy body striking him between the shoulders. He had smelled the familiar wild oily smell of geese and now he lay on his back looking up into the baleful red-rimmed eyes of the albino drake.

Sam sat up slowly and shook his head. The bird remained motionless a yard away watching him.

What had been unnatural and a little ridiculous was now an outrage. Sam felt nothing but anger now, a fierce anger that carried him to his feet on its crest. He advanced a step toward the big goose and batted at it with his cap. The bird retreated hissing, but kept between Sam and his gun.

Then Sam lost his temper. Lashing

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the bird with his cap he advanced shouting wildly. "Get out, get out!" The goose retreated slowly, its long sinuous neck undulating and weaving. Sam was close to his gun now and if he could just get his hands on it he would blast every one of them—whether they were on the ground or not.

A step, and he would have it. Flailing at the bird with his cap he attempted to step around it. With a vicious swipe of his cap he lunged forward. The goose recoiled as he passed it, and then as he saw his gun lying on the other side of the blind the albino struck him in the back. Its strong wings beat him down. He fell heavily forward. The stubble gouged his face and he breathed dust as he lay prostrate and stunned.

Slowly he rolled over on his back and the drake was still there watching him. The anger was gone now. Sam was frightened. Each time he stirred the bird advanced menacingly. He lay there for an hour while the sun wheeled high. Sweat mingled with chaff around his neck to make a cruel abrasive.

PERHAPS Nick would come to look for him when he was late coming back, although he often stayed out this long. Nick might think it was strange there had been no shooting. But Sam had heard other guns and to Nick they might have been his. Besides Nick would not disturb him, not for a long time. Nick knew he liked to hunt alone.

Another half hour passed. He had to get out of there somehow. He couldn't be held prisoner by a goose. Perhaps if he tried to go in the other direction, away from the gun, the bird would not attack him. He sat up slowly and the bird stood steady.

Sam rolled over on his hands and knees and began to crawl—away from the blind, from the gun, in the direction of the farm. The bird was following him, not pecking at him, just following him. The stubble cut his hands and tore through his trouser knees. He was 50 yards away now. Perhaps if he stood up. There. He looked over his shoulder. The bird had stopped stalking and was watching him. Still looking over his shoulder Sam began to run.

He stumbled into Nick's yard scratched and bleeding with his breath coming in painful jets. Nick ran to the gate to meet him.

"Hey, you hurt! What happened? Did you get shot? Hey!"

Sam sat down on the step of the pump in the yard and held out his hands. Nick gave him a dipper of water and ran to the house. "I'll get bandages," he shouted as he ran. When he came back Sam was leaning forward, his elbows on his knees, looking out to the field from which he had come. He glanced up and waved the little first-aid kit away.

"Nick," he breathed heavily, "I've got to tell you. I don't expect you'll believe it," he began hesitantly. "You'll probably think I'm crazy, but I've—out there in the blind—" He talked slowly, pausing frequently to convince himself again that it had really happened.

When he had finished Nick's tanned face was grave. He did not smile. All he said was: "They're smart birds, those geese."

Sam lurched to his feet. His torn face was flushed with darker anger once more.

"Sure they're smart. Why do you suppose I've been hunting them all these years? But they're no smarter than I am. I'm the hunter, Nick. Me," he said, punching his narrow chest once.

Nick looked up at him. This time he smiled.

"Don't get excited. Maybe it didn't happen. Besides..." Nick shrugged his shoulders.

"Besides what? I tell you it did happen! And I'll tell you something else! I'm going back to town and get another gun and I'm going to kill that white goose and every other goose I see. Every goose I see!" Sam's voice was close to a shriek as he finished and there were little flecks of spittle at the corners of his mouth.

Nick rose. "Look Sam you go home and have a drink and a good rest. Try to forget about it. This is a crazy business. What if it did happen? No one knows about it. Everyone knows you're a good goose hunter. You've got nothing to worry about. You go home, eh, like I say."

"You think I'm crazy, don't you? Well, maybe I am. But I'm coming back with another gun, Nick. Sure, I'm a good hunter. I know that. But..." Sam was looking across the fields to the river.

"Sam," said Nick softly. "Don't do it. Something bad might happen."

He snorted.

"Something will happen all right. That big white hoozier is going to get killed."

SAM followed part of Nick's advice. He had a drink; he had several before he took down his number two gun, cleaned it and put it back in the case and came out to the car. It was late in the afternoon as he turned off the highway into the sideroad that led to Nick's. Sam had driven fast all the way from town and now that he was on the trail he had not slackened speed.

Half a mile from Nick's gate, where the road curved over a rise and then dropped down toward the river, down past the high culvert to the edge of the wheat field Sam slowed down momentarily, and, shading his eyes against the sinking sun, looked to the place where he had been that morning. The field looked neat and barbered in the golden fall haze of late afternoon. It was a peaceful, beautiful setting and in it he was going to kill his enemy.

And yet it was not so strange, Sam thought as he looked. All his life he had hunted the big birds. He had plotted against them, tricked them and killed them. Could it be that in their secret wild cunning they knew? He thought of the humiliation of the morning. Sam was sure the big white one knew who he was. Sam hoped he did. He wanted it that way when he killed him.

Once over the rise, Sam slammed the accelerator hard again and the car slipped down the smooth grooves of the trail. He was almost there now. Just time to get ready and go back to the blind by dusk and the great white bird with the cruel red-rimmed eyes.

He slackened speed as he approached the high fill of the culvert. The road was narrow here and light guard rails narrowed it still more. The sun glare was bad too.

The explosion came out of the sun, it seemed. First there was the crash and the windshield was shattered in a sunburst of its own. The flat glass suddenly became a mosaic, intricate and strange, and then the pattern dissolved and Sam felt a hundred little knives of flying glass and a heavy blow on the side of the head. He fought for the steering wheel, but the car, in its flight, took it away from him. He heard the splintering of the wooden rail and then he was falling. It seemed as though he was falling for a long time.

The jolt, when it came, crumpled time and space and feeling, leaving only silence. Sam opened his eyes and he saw the sky. All around him was silence, silence and a familiar smell. He tried to rise, but he couldn't. He could turn his head, though, and he saw he was lying near the car from which

he had been thrown. The door was bulged and blown open as though by an explosion. Gas was dripping and its stench rose slowly over the other smell.

He looked away. Beside him on the ground was the broken body of the white drake. That was the smell. Dead birds. Death.

He tried to reach out to touch the white bird but he couldn't. He could

hear sounds now. Was it someone calling? Nick, perhaps, was running to help him. Or was it the wild high keening of a flock of geese flying south? Sam couldn't be sure.

He sighed and the breath fled painfully from his crushed chest. He couldn't be sure of anything except that Nick had been right and something bad had happened. ★

She's the Only One of Her Kind

Continued from page 22

kept the B. C. House in a lively state. They squabbled about politics but occasionally presented a solid front. They ganged up to force the Government to buy seven Emily Carr paintings. Male M.L.A.s thought it a foolish waste of money, but gave in. They'd never heard of Emily Carr; now that she's recognized as a foremost Canadian painter they're glad the women won, for Government got a bargain (\$1,100).

Today only Mrs. Hodges, Liberal, and Mrs. Rolston, Conservative, are in the legislature. They used to share the same sessional room where they sometimes argued about temperature. Orchid type Tilly Rolston liked windows closed, heat on full blast, fur jacket about her shoulders; Girl Guide type Nancy Hodges liked heat off, windows wide open. To ease the tension separate rooms were found.

After the CCF women were defeated in 1945 Mrs. Hodges concentrated her political gunfire on Bert Gargrave (CCF, Mackenzie). One day Nancy repeatedly interrupted his speech. This repartee followed.

Gargrave: You can make a speech when your turn comes. I've heard women talk a lot, but never in my life have I heard one talk as much as this one.

Hodges: You talk a lot yourself.

Attorney-General Wismer: Keep after 'im, Nancy—you're doing fine.

Hodges: I'll handle him—don't worry—I've handled his kind before.

Gargrave: There she goes again. I'd hate to be her husband.

Hodges: I wouldn't be your wife.

Gargrave: Nobody asked you.

Mrs. Hodges, who boasts she never drinks anything stronger than tomato (she pronounces it tomahto) juice, once told the House: "I've had enough tomato juice at cocktail parties to float a battleship. It's abuse, not use of liquor that's harmful."

Tom Uphill, Labor member for Fernie, mumbled: "And abuse of tomato juice, too."

Hair-trigger came the reply from Nancy: "From one who's not familiar with tomato juice to one who is, I'll accept that even abuse of tomato juice can be harmful."

As the argument went on John Hart, then Premier, sent a big glass of tomato juice to Mrs. Hodges' desk. She took a gulp, smacked her lips. She knows there's nothing like a stunt to make headlines and catch votes.

Can an M.L.A. Bake a Pie?

She boils over when anyone says married women shouldn't work. In 1946 she attacked the Government for replacing women with veterans. "If this discrimination continues," she cried, "I'll go on the hustings for pensions for women at 40. I give that warning to this House."

Her 46 male colleagues squirmed uneasily, torn between women's votes and

soldiers' votes. Firing of women, even from federal offices in Victoria, stopped.

Mrs. Hodges has used a housewife's logic in her campaigns. During an attack on the wide-open sale of flavoring extracts she pointed out that "Storekeepers should know that if a decrepit old man wants a 16-ounce bottle of lemon extract every few days he isn't baking lemon pies." Male M.L.A.s, no pie makers, hadn't thought of that.

Now that she's Speaker, Nancy Hodges won't be able to take part in the bantering repartee of the House which she helped spark. Next time a country member asks for an increase on the wolf bounty she won't be able to quip, "Two-legged wolves?" Nor will she and Finance Minister Herbert Anscombe be able to make a play on the word "soft shoulders" as they did in the last debate on B. C. roads.

She was trained in the gift of repartee as a girl for she was ninth in a family of 10 and had six big brothers to tease her. She was born 62 years ago in England. After graduation from London University she became a magazine writer and wed newspaperman Harry P. Hodges. They came to Canada in 1912 when a doctor told her husband he'd have to leave England's damp climate or die of TB. They chose B. C. because it was three weeks closer to home than New Zealand.

In Kamloops Harry Hodges beat TB. He and his wife took over the local paper, the Inland Sentinel. In 1916 they went to Victoria where Hodges became legislative correspondent of the Victoria Times which he edits today. Mrs. Hodges figured she was through with newspaper work for good.

"I was vacationing up-Island," she remembers, "when Benny Nicholas (then the editor of the Times) called me in a great state—his only woman reporter had left. Would I fill in? I said I would for a few days. That was in 1917; I'm still with the Times."

Why did she go into politics? "Because the Liberal Association asked me, I guess. At first I said no and then I said yes."

On her first try for the legislature in 1937 she was defeated. But after her election in 1941 she quickly became a Liberal Party power.

Her baptism in political rough-and-tumble came a few months after her election. Liberals didn't have a safe House majority. Mrs. Hodges joined those who demanded coalition with the Conservatives. T. D. Pattullo, then Premier, fought Mrs. Hodges and her side.

She listened, grim-faced, while Pattullo shouted: "Coalition with the Conservatives will be the end of the Liberal Party in B. C."

Then she strode to the platform and yelled into the din: "Coalition won't kill any party which hasn't germs of decay in it already."

Coalitionists won that day and still hold power in B. C.

Her Most Exciting Day

In 1947 Nancy Hodges scrapped her way through another political melee. John Hart was retiring as Premier and the party was choosing his successor.

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Both Byron Johnson and Attorney-General Wismer wanted the job. Mrs. Hodges sided with Johnson. The convention was heavily loaded for Wismer. She jumped to the platform, howled down Wismer supporters and in a fighting speech nominated Johnson.

Her speech turned the tide. Johnson won by eight votes. Press reports said a cabinet post would be her reward. Mrs. Hodges was infuriated. She said such talk embarrassed the Premier. She said she wouldn't take a cabinet post—not then or ever.

Her reward came this year when the Premier gave her the Speakership. It was the most exciting day of her life.

"But I soon found it had some drawbacks," she says. "I often itch to get in the debates, but I think I control myself admirably."

Madame Speaker, who gets \$3,000 a year as M.L.A., plus \$1,800 as Speaker, has a luxurious three-room suite in the Parliament Buildings. Her office has wall-to-wall carpet of deep red, a gleaming mahogany desk. Overstuffed chairs and lounges are of silk damask, drapes of heavy chintz. There's a bust of Laurier on the fireplace mantel, a small library where Mrs. Hodges studies legislative rules.

She's a striking Portia-like figure in her \$250 robe and hat, made specially in Toronto and paid for by the government. She's irked when she must doff her tricorn to bow to members. Womanlike, she says it musses her hair.

When a legislative sitting ends Mrs. Hodges rushes home to relax cooking dinner for her husband. Her head bursting with politics, she clears it by weeding her garden, bird-watching, or taking a godchild to the beach.

She starts her day at 6.30.

"The minute I get up I put the oven on and put the fish in for breakfast. Harry's on a diet, so he can't have fried fish and baking it takes longer."

Sometimes she's asked how she keeps her figure. Does she diet? "Oh, help, no!" she says, sort of turning up her nose. And then, "Perhaps if I did I wouldn't have this middle-age spread. I used to be tall and willowy. But I've got good health. I couldn't have done all the things I've done without good health."

She says that in all her married life she never left home with dishes unwashed or beds unmade. "It's just that I don't like things in a muddle; I know if I'd been blessed with children it might have been different now and then."

Grey Locks in a Boy-Bob

After breakfast, in good weather, Mrs. Hodges goes into her garden. She prowls a bit among the rocks, thinking out her daily column. She writes it in the kitchen, in a window looking to the garden. Then she plans the day's meals: Maybe veal cutlets for noon-time dinner, a jellied salad for supper, perhaps a chicken casserole. The meals ready, she drives to town, maybe to see the Premier, interview a constituent wanting an old-age pension, talk to a school graduation, open a bazaar, a garden party, a flower show, a circus, a dog show or judge a Klondike beard contest.

Mostly she wears tailored clothes, spurns flouncy styles, costume jewelry and corsages, which remind her of funeral parlors. Defying fashion's whims she does her grey locks boy-bob style, sticks to that old-fashioned hair-do because she's wise enough to know it's very becoming.

She averages two speeches a day. Recently she talked to a breakfast club at 7 a.m., a service club at 6 p.m., a political gathering at 8 p.m. She jumped so much into the public eye as

Madame Speaker that this year she has been flying about the continent making speeches. In May she went to Santa Barbara to talk to Californian Business and Professional Women's Clubs. In June she was in Ottawa talking to the Women's Canadian Club and the Canadian Federation of Liberal Women. She flew back to Victoria, a week later she took off for St. John's to represent B. C. at Newfoundland's 453rd birthday party. In July she went to Halifax for the biennial convention of the Federation of Canadian Business and Professional Women's Clubs which made her "Canadian Woman of 1950."

Nancy Hodges made the business and professional women sit bolt upright when she bypassed the usual treacly phrases and hit out with: "You've got to stop passing resolutions and thinking they are the be-all and end-all of all things. Get right down and fight with the strongest weapon you have—and that is the vote."

Seven years ago Mrs. Hodges gave up reporting to write her daily column, "One Woman's Day." It's a variety of chitchat, old epitaphs, poetry, comment on good safe subjects. Once when she had a cold she wrote, "As might be expected it settled in the weakest part of my anatomy—my head." She gave this impression of a new photo of herself: "Those lines, which you had kidded yourself were mere faint etchings limned on your face by time, stand out like erosions . . . and . . . sagging contours look as if needing repairs by a seamstress or a facial surgeon."

She replied to eastern Canadians who poked fun at Victoria's recent rough winter: "After all, we aim to please them with replicas of their 'main streets' and 'hamburger heavens,' so why not follow suit with a replica of the weather they are accustomed to."

Though she's been a newspaper-woman for 30 years, politics have made her sensitive to newspaper reports critical of her or the government she supports.

Once the Vancouver News-Herald reported that the Lieutenant-Governor's wife scolded legislative wives who were late at a swish Government House luncheon. A few days later the wives planned a luncheon to honor the Governor's lady. The News-Herald said: "Nancy Hodges, M.L.A., and Tilly Rolston, M.L.A., will chaperone the girls . . . and see . . . they do the things they should do and fulfill social obligations. There will be no drinking by the political girls at this bury-the-hatpin luncheon. Following the shock to the butlers at Government House and the hostess herself when one of the women guests arrived with too much liquor in her the word was passed around the wives to go easy on cocktails during the morning preceding the luncheon."

This caused a furore in the legislature. Members said their wives had been insulted in public. They howled that the News-Herald had gone too far. Mrs. Hodges called the reports "a nasty piece of yellow journalism" and demanded the writer be hauled before the bar of the House and forced to retract and apologize. Nothing happened.

Mrs. Hodges likes campaigning in crossroads halls, under oil lamps. Here she finds column material. When silencing hecklers she's likely to cry, "My friends, remember empty buckets make the most noise."

Far in the B. C. hinterland one time she made what she thought a pretty good speech. There was no audience reaction. She might have been talking to wooden folk. Not a smile, not a snicker, not a boo. She was mystified until she learned that she'd been talking to Finns who didn't know a word of English. ★

That Glamorous Goldeye

Continued from page 15

Canada what Boston baked beans are to Cape Cod and smörgasbord to Sweden. Recently singing star Marion Anderson had goldeye flown in as a treat for guests at her Connecticut home. U. S. millionaires, Hollywood stars, European playboys have all at various times had iced cases of smoked goldeye flown or sent express to their dinner parties. The goldeye put choppy Lake Winnipeg on the gourmet's map.

It is a small herringlike fish of the shad clan with the pompous scientific name of *Amphiodon alosoides*. A polished overcoat of silver scales distinguishes it as one of Canada's prettiest fish as well as our tastiest. Its eyes are surrounded by distinctive reddish-gold rims which give the fish its name. However, it is always smoked until it resembles a kippered herring before the public sees it and thousands familiar with the smoked product wouldn't recognize a live goldeye if it was in their goldfish bowl.

The average goldeye caught by fishermen is about a foot long, weighs one pound or a little less. An occasional big one hits 16 inches and two pounds.

The story of the goldeye's ascent to the top of the social ladder reads like a typical North American success story.

In 1900 only 7,200 pounds of goldeye were marketed in Canada for a total value of \$72. Most were used as dog food. Unsmoked, the goldeye's flesh is a flabby, unappealing, tattletale grey. Trappers ate them only when all other food was gone. There is a legend that one starving Pas trapper boiled and ate his moccasins and then started eating goldeye. At the Icelandic fishing settlement of Gimli, on Lake Winnipeg, fishermen would pull in whitefish nets and find them loaded with goldeye. They threw them on the fields for fertilizer to get them out of the lake.

The Secret Was in Willow

Then, just before World War I, a few enterprising farmers around Lake Winnipeg tried smoking goldeye to see if it would make them more palatable. They made a startling discovery. The goldeye's flesh was soft and fat enough to absorb a high content of the tangy wood-smoke flavor. Unpalatable when fresh, it had a delicately sharp and savory taste when brined and smoked, a taste unlike any other smoked fish. Gradually the news spread that smoked goldeye was not merely something to eat in a pinch, but a great delicacy any time.

Smoked goldeye might have remained an unsung tidbit of the Lake Winnipeg farmlands had it not been for an unknown CPR dining-car chef who tried one once in a farm kitchen and "discovered" the Winnipeg goldeye for the food connoisseurs of the world.

Frank Drury, inspector of CPR dining cars for Ontario, picks up the story: "No one knows who that chef was, but he deserves a monument because he put the Winnipeg goldeye in the society columns. Back before 1910 this man told the purchasing department at Winnipeg it should start featuring goldeye on the diner menus. We tried it. Tourists liked it, for the smoked, woody flavor seemed peculiarly appropriate to a pioneer country like Canada.

Restaurants and hotels in Winnipeg, Toronto and Montreal soon climbed on the goldeye bandwagon and the words "broiled Winnipeg goldeye" on a menu became a symbol of dining refinement. The goldeye's fame spread. English tourists landing at Halifax would ask: "Where can we get a Winnipeg goldeye

dinner?" American tourists started enquiring at hotels back home in New York and Chicago, and Manitoba fish dealers began receiving urgent wires from the hotel chefs: "What is a Winnipeg goldeye? Please ship us a 100-pound case."

The small fish handlers and farmers up along Lake Winnipeg realized the goldeye was a gold mine and refused to let the bigger Winnipeg dealers in on their secret of how goldeye were cured and smoked. For several years the big fish companies stood back helplessly as the growing goldeye trade went past their doors to the little backwoods lake shanties. Then their spies sleuthed out the goldeye-smoking secret.

The goldeye were being soaked in a brine mixture first, then smoked above a willow wood fire. Willow smoke gave the flesh a delicate reddish-gold tint and a tangy-but-not-too-tangy flavor. But willow was too scarce for mass production of smoked goldeye so the big dealers tried some refinements of their own. Most wood smokes, they discovered, left the fish bitter and resinous. Oak and maple, however, gave it the original famous taste but failed to impart the willow's distinctive reddish color. They got around that by dyeing them. Today's smoked goldeye is exactly the same product in taste and appearance as was originally made famous, but a red dye does the trick now that willow smoke used to do.

Large goldeye processing plants went up. By the '20's Winnipeg goldeye had become Manitoba's most famous export and tourist attraction. U. S. and European tourists who had never heard of Manitoba's wheat fields knew all about her goldeye.

Meanwhile, Lake Winnipeg fishermen, who 15 years before had been throwing goldeye on the fields to rot, were now making as much as \$1,500 every two weeks during the height of the winter fishing season.

However, dining-car and restaurant chefs are not standing back meekly and letting the smokehouse men claim all the credit for the goldeye's meteoric rise in popularity. Smoking goldeye is an art, the chefs admit, but cooking them is an art too. In the kitchen of Toronto's showy Paddock Tavern big raw-boned Andrew Costeck pushed his chef's cap back until a ribbon of blond hair emerged and declared: "You can't cook Winnipeg goldeye like any old fish, you know. You have to preserve and bring out the flavor that the smoking has given it. Mostly, goldeye are broiled, but sometimes pan-fried or steamed."

The Scientists Were Stumped

Costeck slapped a chunk of butter half as big as your fist in a thick polished broiling pan, waited until the butter was sputtering. He poured lemon juice over a goldeye and dropped it into the pan.

"This way the fish stays solid," he explained. "Goldeye get soft pretty easy. If you're pan-frying goldeye use a heavy pan or you drive out the smoke flavor. A thick pan slows down the heat. That's what you want to keep in the flavor and hold them solid."

The 20's were boom years for the goldeye fishermen. Fish dealers throughout the continent were crying for Winnipeg goldeye and only a few hundred Manitoba fishermen had them to sell. There lay one of the mysteries of the goldeye. How a species could be common only in one restricted area is a riddle that has the scientists stumped to this day. Even distribution of the goldeye in Manitoba had its mystery. It was common in Lake Winnipeg, Lake Winnipegosis and Dauphin Lake, yet Lake Manitoba, connected with



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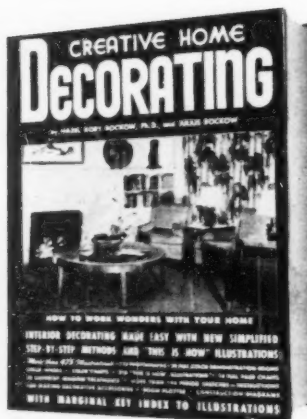
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these lakes and possessing identical water features, never produced one.

Anything could happen to a fish with habits as eccentric and puzzling as this. And something, no one can say for sure what, did happen.

Until 1929 Manitoba produced more than one million pounds of goldeye every year. Then suddenly the 1930 production dropped to half a million pounds, by 1933 it was down to a quarter million. Only a remnant of goldeye remained. The fish that had made Manitoba famous had all but vanished.

For 10 years Manitoba continued to keep a trickle of goldeye flowing out to the fish markets—barely enough to keep the goldeye fanciers from forgetting what they tasted like. Then in 1946 came the greatest plunge of all. From a quarter million pounds in 1945 the yield dropped to 70,000 pounds in 1946, remained little better in 1947, '48 and '49.

Manitoba's Winnipeg goldeye was gone—but the name was too famous now to leave off the restaurant menus. A substitution racket developed and many restaurants and hotels continued to feature "broiled Winnipeg goldeye" on their menus, but the "goldeye" now had become smoked tullibee or cisco, fish of the herring family which resemble goldeye in appearance when smoked but taste about as much like it as beef tastes like chicken.

A man who knows his goldeye would not touch a tullibee with a 10-foot fork but hundreds of unwary tourists are eating them for goldeye and wondering what all the cheering has been about. A U. S. tourist last summer started to chat with a fish expert at Toronto's Royal Ontario Museum of Zoology. "I just tried a Winnipeg goldeye," he said. "Half a dozen U. S. fish taste better than that. You Canadians are frauds." That evening the tourist and the biologist returned to the same restaurant, ordered goldeye again. The plates arrived. The biologist recognized at a glance that their \$1.50-a-plate "Winnipeg goldeye" was 30-cents-a-pound smoked Lake Erie cisco.

Death in the Muskrat Marshes

How can you tell whether you are served genuine goldeye? The best eateries serve their goldeye whole—complete with head and tail—and it is easy then to spot a cisco in goldeye clothing. If your fish has a mouthful of small sharp teeth, one small fin near the tail, is relatively deep and thin, and tastes heavenly—then you are eating goldeye. If the head is cut off before serving, ask the waitress to bring the head in from the kitchen.

When Manitoba's goldeye production hit the skids in 1930 fishery experts began prying into its private life for clues about why it disappeared and how it might be brought back. But the fish detectives quickly learned that in the goldeye they had a tough case to crack.

Its love life baffled scientists for 20 years. There was evidence that it swam up streams in spring to spawn but no one could find a goldeye egg outside the female fish itself. Efforts to propagate the goldeye in hatcheries were not successful.

In 1945, after 15 years of research, the goldeye was almost as great an enigma as it had been at the beginning. That year the Fisheries Research Board of Canada put two of the continent's crack fishery biologists on the goldeye trail—Dr. William M. Sprules and Dr. K. H. Doan.

Sprules and Doan discovered two clues which partially explained the goldeye's disappearance. They established that 60% to 70% of the fish caught in the customary 3¼-inch mesh

nets had not reached spawning size. The fishermen were not letting them grow up. And they proved that the control dams in the shallow muskrat marshes of the Saskatchewan River delta near The Pas were playing hob in goldeye family affairs. Mature goldeye swam into the marshes, evidently spawned, and swam out again when high spring water covered the dams. But the youngsters, before they were old enough to handle their fins, were trapped behind the dams by the summer lowering of the water. Then hundreds of thousands of them died of oxygen starvation when the shallow marshes froze over in winter. Now the dams are ordered opened periodically in summer to let the goldeye fingerlings out.

A Mine of New Goldeye

The next development came in the form of rumors that Lake Claire and Lake Mamawi at the western end of Lake Athabasca in northeastern Alberta "were chock-full" of Winnipeg goldeye. It was impossible, of course, for Lake Claire was 750 miles from the main goldeye waters of Manitoba, but the rumors persisted and in 1947 Sprules went out to investigate.

He set nets, left them out one night, hauled them in anxiously at daybreak. There were more goldeye than anything else—and Winnipeg goldeye, the real McCoy!

Sprules computed that Claire and Mamawi alone could produce 250,000 pounds of goldeye a year without the breeding stock being depleted. He recommended that a commercial fishing firm be licensed to operate on the lakes. The Alberta Government complied and in 1948 Canada started tapping its new goldeye mine.

Catches were poor the first year because the Indian crews were inexperienced. But even at that the two Alberta lakes produced 65,000 pounds of goldeye—almost as much as all of Manitoba produced the year before. Commercial fishermen soon improved their technique and hauled in 144,000 pounds of goldeye in 1949. The fish shops and the restaurants had Winnipeg goldeye again!

But Lake Claire had yet another goldeye ace up its sleeve. In May, 1949, scientific investigations had been held up several days by spring gales which whipped the water. While waiting impatiently for finer weather Sprules and his men made an interesting discovery. Concealed among the storm debris on the beach were windrows of tiny whitish eggs. When examined hastily under a microscope they turned out to be goldeye eggs—the first Winnipeg goldeye eggs ever obtained except by dissecting the fish themselves.

Maybe They Were Mooneye

The mystery of the goldeye's spawning habits was solved. Unlike any other freshwater fish the goldeye had eggs which floated freely on the water.

Where had the mysterious new Alberta colony of goldeye come from? The scientists can only guess. The goldeye has always been a gadabout. It had always had a curious penchant for turning up, a few at a time, in hundreds of miles away. Northern Ontario natives, for example, have claimed that there are a few goldeye in Lake Abitibi and the Abitibi River of northeastern Ontario, almost 800 miles from Lake Winnipeg. Biologists insisted for years these must be moonies, the goldeye's cousin, so similar it could be a twin, but when scientists investigated they found the fish were genuine goldeye. Down through the Mississippi

system the goldeye has cropped up periodically, at times as far south as Louisiana, 1,500 miles from Manitoba. There is one authenticated record of a goldeye caught in 1908 at Fort Wrigley, on the Mackenzie River, 1,000 miles from Lake Winnipeg.

Presumably these are goldeye bitten by the wanderlust bug. Many goldeye swim up rivers to spawn and probably a few explore farther upstream after spawning instead of returning to their Manitoba home lakes. Far up the rivers they spawn again the next year and each generation a few trail-blazers wander farther. Some probably find their way into the small source streams and swamps and during spring high water succeed in crossing the heights of land into neighboring river systems

such as the Mississippi and Mackenzie.

Dr. Sprules is sure that Lakes Claire and Mamawi in Alberta will supply the Canadian goldeye market for several years unaided. Meanwhile Manitoba waters will have a rest during which the goldeye can repopulate itself.

But the goldeye, though better understood maybe, will still be a fish of mystery. Last year 200 carefully selected Lake Claire goldeye eggs were shipped air express to the Manitoba fish hatchery at Whiteshell Park. According to all hatchery experience 99% should have survived. But most died, and the handful of fry that did hatch lived only two days.

Said a puzzled hatchery official: "You clear up one goldeye mystery and you bump smack into another." ★

Unwanted Guest

Continued from page 10

She could not understand her supposedly intelligent sister, Glory. She could not understand her parents. She could not understand the way everyone made a fuss over this Harvey person. For goodness sake, all you had to do was look at Harvey and wonder why Glory had married him. A droop with freckles on his neck, and the neck sort of reddish the way it is with men who have freckles and sandy-reddish hair, and sandy hair on the backs of his hands, and ears that stuck out, and a cowl all the time. What had ailed Glory?

Alone in the summerhouse, Anne pensively constructed again the kind of man she'd fall for when she was ready to marry—though she was practically ready right now, since she was practically 17. It certainly would not be anyone like Harvey Miller. Not that she thought all there was to a man was looks, but you didn't have to pick a boy with an Adam's apple out to here and bones like the pipe racks they hang sales suits on.

No, her man would be tall and smooth and dark . . .

"Anne!" her mother called.

For a moment Anne considered rebelling and just lurking on here out of sight in the summerhouse. After all, she was 17, about. People got married at 17. Even 16. Even 15 . . .

"Anne!"

She got up. Her father was a managerial-looking person but underneath his iron glove was mush and she could do about as she pleased with him. But mother, small and mild appearing, was someone you found yourself obeying.

AS SHE went slowly to answer her mother's call, she was still seething. Honestly, that Harvey would make anybody seethe. What would people think of anyone that gawky? What would Miggs think? And what had possessed Glory to . . .

"Darling," Mrs. Kittner said, "you can't go off like this with Harvey and Glory just in for the week end."

"Looked like there was enough attention for 'em without mine," said Anne.

"You aren't jealous of your sister or something psychiatric like that? A big grown girl like you?"

If her mother knew! thought Anne darkly. Jealous? Of anyone owning that red-headed bone-pile?

"Go on upstairs, now. Glory's asking for you. She is surprised, naturally, at the way you're acting."

Anne went slowly to the stairs, past the living room door from which came Harvey's somewhat nasal voice and her father's friendly one. Everybody seemed to get very friendly with Harvey

in a very short time, perhaps because they were sorry he was so unglamorous-looking. Though Anne really wouldn't have minded this if he'd been somebody else's sister's man. Glory, with her violet-grey eyes and chestnut waves and eye-stopping figure deserved something better.

She went into Gloria's old room, and there was Glory in pants and bra with her swim suit hanging nearby. Glory smiled at her like lights through mist, and Anne went to her and kissed her in compassion because she was so blind, and Glory said, "What's up, infant? Why the brushoff?"

"No brushoff," Anne said. "I was just going down to the beach. Thought maybe Miggs Blanchard would be there."

"So it's no brushoff," Glory said, forgiving her with a hug. She looked so happy she was all rosy with it, and Anne tried hard to give Harvey his due, she really did. After all, he shouldn't be held responsible for what his parents had done to him, and he must have something because Glory had met him and been swept off her feet by him in about six weeks. "What's new? Seems as if we've been away a year."

"Ten days at Niagara Falls," said Anne, wincing. The comical things Miggs had found to say about that!

"Two weeks in town. That's no year."

"Time doesn't go by minutes," said Glory, stepping into her swim suit. Golly, she was pretty. Even a sister could recognize that. While Harvey . . .

With the scrap of suit on, Glory sighed and stretched. "I hope," she said, in a dizzy way, "that some time you'll be as happy as I am."

Anne humored her. What else is there to do when a formerly sane older sister goes queer in the head? "You like, huh?"

"What do you think? But then he's so nice. And so nice-looking."

"Nice-looking! Harvey?" Anne couldn't help it. It came from her incredulous lips in a sort of small explosion. Then she was sorry, but Glory didn't seem put out.

"He isn't quite Apollo, but he's the . . . he's . . . Oh, run along, you baby. And tell Harvey to hurry. I've been looking forward to this swim."

Harvey was coming up the stairs when Anne started down them. "Hi, half-pint," he said cheerily, not knowing that this was the very worst thing he could have called her. It was not Anne's fault that she was small compared with Glory's five-foot-six. "Glory about ready?"

"Yes. Waiting for you." Anne started on.

Harvey caught her arm. "Whatever it is, don't be mad. You're still my most favorite sister-in-law. And by the way, Bub's coming up after all. Be nice to him, will you?"

"Bub?" said Anne.

How to teach your baby Good Sleeping Habits...



LENGTH OF SLEEP—If your baby is happy, comfortable and well-fed, you can safely leave it to him to decide how much sleep he needs. Very young babies often sleep 20 to 22 hours a day, but by the time they are 6 months old they sleep for only 16 to 18 hours. Around the end of the first year this will probably be down to 2 naps a day and 12 hours of sleep at night, and soon they will need only one nap in the daytime.

From the start, for your sake and his, baby should get used to going to sleep alone in his own bed immediately after being fed.

GOOD SLEEPING CONDITIONS—The room where your baby sleeps should be cool and not too light. It should be fairly quiet, but not completely so, as baby must grow used to a general hum of activity.

Baby should get plenty of fresh air while he sleeps but kept out of the way of drafts. His coverings should be warm and light; heavy, airtight ones should be avoided. His room should be protected from flies and mosquitoes with well-screened windows. If baby's cap is knitted wool, he will still be able to breathe even if it slips over his face.

SLEEPING ON FACE—Baby should sleep on his back until he grows strong enough to lift his head and turn it in order to breathe easily. Then he may be taught to sleep on his face. This prevents the back of his head from flattening and the hair from wearing off. Choose a time when he's sleeper than usual to introduce him to this new experience. Speak soothingly to him as you place him face down. Then leave him. He may cry a little the first few times, but he'll soon begin to enjoy himself.

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"Quinn. My kid brother. We asked him to come up for the week end too. Didn't Glory tell you?"

Anne stared bitterly at Harvey's Adam's apple. She'd hardly even known that Harvey had a kid brother, let alone one that might come barging up here at a second's notice. And of course Glory had been too dopey with sentiment and stuff to tell her anything.

"He's a pest, but not too bad," said Harvey, and then from the dining room Mrs. Mittner called, "Anne." And Anne, now seething indescribably, went on down the stairs.

Harvey's brother was due on the 4.10, it seemed, and wasn't it nice that he could come and the two families could start getting better acquainted, and would Anne please take the boat—she wasn't allowed to drive the car alone yet—and pick him up? She'd know him—he looked quite a lot like Harvey.

"Oh, no!" wailed Anne. Then, unable to explain her outburst: "Creepers, mother! The week end! There's always a thousand things to do."

"You haven't mentioned being involved in anything. And you had a spat with Norman Bissell last week, you said, so you won't be dating him."

Anne made a note to be less candid in the future. The trouble with confiding in your parents was that they later took advantage of your confidences. "Can't dad drive in for Harvey's brother?"

"What's wrong with you, dear?" said her mother, staring. "You know you always like to take the boat out."

AT 3.30 Anne went to the boathouse, moving like an innocent condemned man toward the fatal door, but more outraged than any innocent condemned man. A, she had not only not been consulted about whether she wanted a strange boy thrust upon her—she hadn't even been told he was coming. B, she had to go and meet him, which would make it look as if she couldn't wait till he got to the house before throwing herself at him. C, he looked "quite a lot like Harvey."

Chugging along the shore she indulged in wistful dreams. Maybe Quinn could not come after all. Maybe he'd been taken sick at the last minute—he might not have the horselike constitution owned by brother Harvey. Perhaps he'd stepped in front of a taxi in the city and broken his leg. Both legs. She saw him lying in the street with the sympathetic crowd around, and she sympathized herself; she felt terrible about his broken legs, or leg; but if it had had to happen anyhow...

She sighed and conceded the improbability of her hopes. Well, then, maybe he wouldn't really look like Harvey.

But at the station Anne, with a sinking heart, recognized Harvey's brother a full four car-lengths off. He surely did resemble Harvey. He was almost as big, though skinnier, and he had the same reddish look, and she'd bet he had even more freckles on his neck. He didn't have a hat on, and in one big-knuckled reddish hand was a black suitcase, and his ears stuck out like the handle on the suitcase.

He said, "Hullo?" enquiringly as she came up. His hair was lighter red than Harvey's but was the same wiry Miller hair, and his cowlick was even bigger than his big brother's.

"Bub?" she asked. "I mean Quinn?"

"That's right. How'd you catch on so fast? And you must be Anne, the kid sister."

Anne stiffened. Not many could call her kid sister and make her like it, and she had already decided that Quinn Miller was not one of the few.

"And you're baby brother," she said coolly.

"Yeah. Tough being the younger generation, isn't it?" Quinn said solemnly. On top of everything else he seemed to be an unusually solemn boy, which made his blue eyes seem even more chinalike and his face seem even younger. Seventeen, at most, she guessed, which made him much less adult than she. Boys always were, than girls.

"Where to?" he asked finally, when she had bleakly led him across the depot parking lot and kept on going.

"Boat," said Anne. She had to chauffeur this unwanted guest, but nothing in her book of rules said she had to make scintillating conversation for him.

"Oh, swell! They said it was swell up here, with boats and everything. I didn't want to come," he added.

Anne seethed again. She hadn't wanted him, but it was annoying to find out that he hadn't wanted to come, either.

"How'd I know what my brother's new wife's kid sister would be like?" Quinn went on, ambling loosely beside her. "She might be a 10-carat drip. And even if she wasn't—and you sure aren't—she probably wouldn't want a strange guy sprung on her for a week end."

Anne let herself accept the admiration in his comment and in his eyes, but jerked herself up swiftly. Flattery is nice, but you should never let yourself be influenced by the stuff. Was that, perhaps, what had happened to Glory?

"Here we are," she said at the dock. It had been quite a walk, but by taking the back street paralleling the shopping one she had avoided having any of her crowd see her blind date. If she could just keep away from the gang! She could just hear Miggs: "Well, look what Anne drew. She couldn't get Clark Gable so she settled for the ears."

Quinn got into the boat with all the grace of a badly dumped load of gravel, and reached up to help her. She jumped down unaided and pressed the starter. The motor responded with a cough and then a steady chew-a-hula, chew-a-hula.

"This is swell," Quinn repeated. "What a swell boat!"

It wasn't any speedboat and it did smell faintly of fish, but Anne had a grudging affection for it and liked to hear it praised. And out here, with nobody around to stare at her week-end cross, she could relax a bit.

Quinn said, solemn as a china cat, "Families just don't understand. Girl like you—you're popular, of course—I bet you had a dozen dates for the week end. Well, you just go ahead and keep 'em. I'll play around with Harve and Glory."

And then he grinned, for the first time, and Anne stared at the birth and growth of the thing with a curiosity turning at length into a kind of fascination. It started with one corner of his mouth and went slowly to the other, turning up both corners in the process; and he got a kind of solemn little twinkle in his eyes, and crinkles around them, and his forehead wrinkled down a little, too. It was the darnedest grin she had ever seen, and it made him suddenly look sharp and knowing, in a nice friendly way, and made her feel soothed down inside.

He went solemn—and gawky—again. "You don't talk much, do you? Rather I didn't?"

"I don't care," said Anne. "It's just that I... we don't know each other."

Quinn nodded soberly. "Harve and Glory took a lot for granted when they made the folks make me come. They might at least have waited till we met somewhere and you could see if you wanted me here."

That was kind of nice, putting it all

on her side. He seemed considerate. But oh, gosh!

WHEN they arrived, the first thing Anne's mother said to her was, "They're waiting for you, dear. You brought swimming trunks, Quinn? Anne will show you to your room."

Anne couldn't think of anything she'd rather not do than go to that beach with Harvey's brother. Because Miggs and some—or all—of her gang might be there to snicker at them. Miggs, her special friend, who knew the most special boys, and whose good opinion meant more to her than almost anything else. Miggs, who could always find the funny thing to say about a person.

But there you were, she could think of no reason—save the real one—why she shouldn't go, and how could she get out of it?

Quinn said upstairs, "You got anything you want to do here, Anne? I could find the beach alone."

So then Anne felt awful for thinking as she had, and felt a prickle of compassion. He wasn't very pretty, but he was sort of nice, at that.

She said, "I haven't anything to do. Be ready in a second," and went along the hall to her own door.

At the beach she looked around with growing relief. Several boys and girls she knew were still there, but at least Miggs wasn't there. Or Norm Bissell. She waved hastily to the few, and located Harve and Glory up at the end of the beach by the old pier, and went up there with Quinn.

"Hi, Bub," Harvey said. "Pretty lucky in the matter of kid sisters, aren't you?"

"Hullo, Harve," said Quinn. "Hullo, Glory." He looked at Glory solemnly and then at his brother. He shook his rusty-red head. "Yup. Must have been. I thought for awhile maybe you blackjacked her into it, but I've never seen any lumps on her head so it must have been chloroform you used to persuade her."

"Okay, deadpan," Harvey said. "Looks like you need a bottle of chloroform now. The big, special size."

They sat down, and Anne stared despairingly at the brothers, one big, one almost as big, both with the ears, the freckles and the reddish look. She glared at her foolish older sister, but Glory wasn't in the market for glares. She was mooning at Harve.

Anne tried to act as though she were having as much fun as they seemed to be having, clowning on the beach and in the water, with Quinn swimming like an awkward shark. Meanwhile, her luck held; Miggs didn't appear, and while she would probably be told with gestures about Anne's week-end visitation, at least she hadn't seen him for herself.

So Anne's luck held and she occupied herself with hopeful, busy plans for the future. Tonight they might just stay home with the old people, and tomorrow she could dither around till pretty late and then maybe she and Quinn could go off in the boat. Alone. Tomorrow night...

But underneath she knew that she could never get away with it—not for a whole darned week end, Friday night, Saturday, Saturday night, Sunday, maybe Sunday night—and all too quickly her forebodings were confirmed.

Her mother lightly gave it to her when they came back from the beach.

"You and Quinn might as well get into your best when you dress for dinner," she said, smiling as if the most delightful thing had happened. "Miggs just called, and she and some of your friends are going to the yacht club."

Continued on page 44

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Continued from page 42
dance, and I said you and Quinn would love to go along."

Anne stood rooted. Harve and Glory went on upstairs, and, after a second, Quinn. But Anne stood rooted. Already Miggs had heard about her plight and was making with the scalpel.

"Mother!"
"What dear?" asked Mrs. Kittner, eyebrows raised.

What did you say in the face of such a catastrophe? What did you do? How explain to one so blind? "Oh, mother!"

WELL, she thought numbly in her shower, she could spend most of her time in the club rest room; she'd seen other girls driven in there by their blind dates. She could dance just once in awhile with Quinn... But then she got ashamed again and thought how nice Quinn really seemed to be, underneath.

"I'll dance every dance with him if I want to," she told herself defiantly, but adding: "I'll probably have to if he is to dance at all." And she got into her new greenish off-the-shoulder dress and carefully combed her hair, which was a bit darker than Glory's chestnut; and her eyes, plain grey without Glory's touch of violet, were resolute when she walked into the Kittner dining room. Chin up.

Quinn looked all right if you could have cut him off at the collar. He had nice shoulders even if they were bony, and his white coat looked fine on him, not showing as much wrist as the suit he'd got off the train in. But above this was his face, solemn as an owl's in a mouse shortage. And the cowlick, waving its wiry rebellion at the back of his part.

"We'll drop you kids at the dance," said Harvey. "Glory and I have another date, but we'll be back for a few dances and to bring you home."

"Thanks," said Anne.
"Wear your shin-guards," Harve said. "Bub's a nice kid and all that, but at a dance—wear your shin-guards."

Anne thought this was pretty thick, coming from Quinn's own brother. She surprised herself. "I guess we'll get along all right—and he will too," she said defensively.

Quinn looked up soberly from his plate. "We'll be okay as long as we stick to the two-step."

Anne didn't hear. She was thinking in confusion of the first time Glory had brought Harve home. She had said then to her sister, "I guess he's oke, Glory. But he... well, he..." And Glory had snapped, "I know what you mean, and if all I wanted was looks I'd hang around a male model agency."

And now Anne found herself feeling a bit snappish in Quinn's defense. Maternal, sort of. Protective, for heaven's sakes. It was very odd.

The yacht club was an old square building perched on the water's edge so that it looked like a boat itself. Spotlights played on the terrace and went bouncing off across the water, and the dining room where the dances were held was brightly lighted too. Anne had always felt that they could do with less illumination. Tonight, as Harve drove up, the place seemed blazing like an amusement park.

"Have fun," said Glory callously. "See you later." And the car drove off, and Anne and Quinn walked up a mile of front steps and through a mile of lounge filled with people, and they stepped into the dining room like a couple stepping onto a brilliantly lighted stage...

And there they were across the cleared centre of the floor, the whole darn gang, with Miggs in a flame-red

dress that set off her dark hair and amber skin more than any of the dresses the other girls were allowed to buy could do for them. But then one reason why Miggs was leader of their local set was that she was allowed to do lots of things the others weren't.

There were five or six tables full of young people, huddled close, making what seemed to Anne a perfect sea of faces; and Miggs looked with suspicious lack of expression at Quinn and called to Anne: "Here. We've saved chairs for you."

Anne crossed 10 acres of bare floor with Quinn ambling inelegantly beside her and everybody looking at them. They got to the tables, and Quinn grinned.

There it was again. Anne watched, this time trying to be analytical about it. Right hand corner of the mouth up. Slow travel to the left. Left corner up. Solemn small twinkle in the light blue eyes. Little crinkles around them. Forehead wrinkling down a bit. It made him look odder than ever, in a way—but Anne tucked her hand beneath her arm as they stood there, and found herself thinking fiercely: If any one says anything... If anybody makes just one crack...

But the crowd were grinning back, with a few giggles mixed in, and it seemed that they accepted him at least to an extent—except for Miggs, who was looking slantwise at Quinn out of dark mirthful eyes and obviously thinking up the perfect thing to say.

Anne introduced Quinn around, and then the music started and she breathed, "Oh, gosh! Oh, criminy!"

"Break an ankle?" offered Quinn, solemn again.

"Love to," Anne said clearly and in Miggs' direction.

They took a dozen steps, and it seemed Quinn wasn't bad. They took some more and Anne relaxed and felt as if mother's little boy had gone through the whole multiplication table up to four without a mistake. Quinn was no Astaire; the others didn't glance at them now and then as they did with Norman Bissell and Miggs Blanchard. But he was quite as good as any of the rest.

Anne had looked apprehensively around for Norm before and hadn't seen him. She looked again. No Norman. With luck he might not come at all, which would be fine with Anne. Norm was the best-looking and most sought after boy in the crowd, and she did not like the thought of having him and Quinn stand side by side for all the gang to see.

THE music stopped and some of the crowd went out onto the terrace and some went back to the tables. The gang talked and laughed and Quinn sat solemn and yet not ill at ease, once in awhile putting in a word in a way that obviously had them wondering as Anne had earlier: Was he kidding with that straight face? Anyhow, they seemed to take to him. And Anne felt pleased and rather proud, though she continued to be awfully nervous about Miggs. Miggs wasn't so easily pleased, and her opinions counted for an awful lot.

The orchestra started again and Anne got up with Quinn with no thought at all of rest rooms. The prospect of dancing with him wasn't so hard to take now. But it seemed she wasn't to dance with him too consistently.

It was Miggs who started it. Anne thought. The cut-in stuff. Anyway, it was Miggs' partner, Eddie Wallace, who first came over and unsmilingly tapped Quinn's shoulder and then whirled off with Anne. At the same time Anne saw Tom Gosnor go to

Continued on page 46

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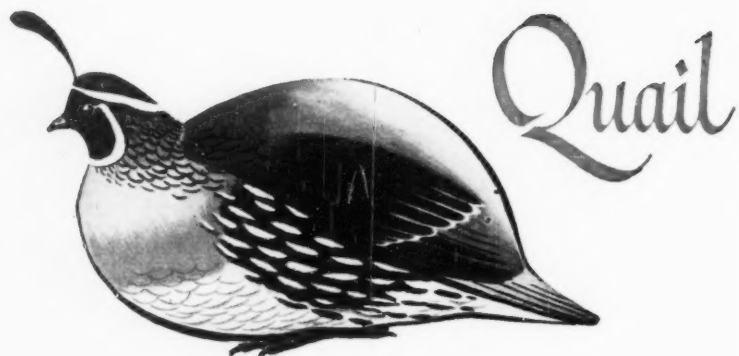
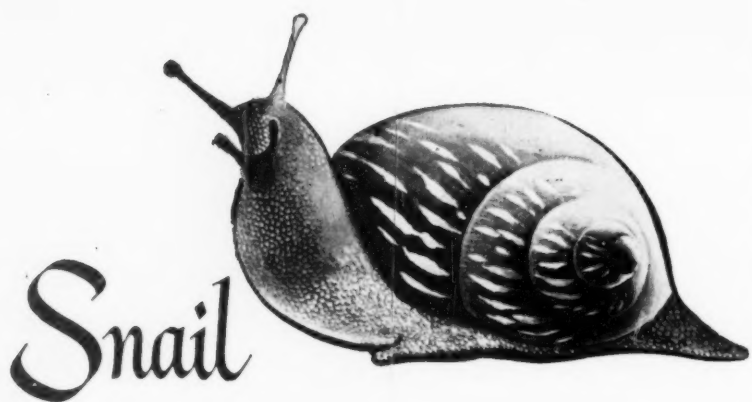
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Continued from page 44

Miggs so that Quinn, cut off from taking the girl whose partner had taken his, was left without a girl and deserted in the centre of a floor filled with strangers to him.

"Oh, no," breathed Anne, watching a run-around that she had seen before. She tensed to move away from Eddie and back to Quinn; she wouldn't have him made conspicuous like that. But then he turned to Ruth Hennessey and George Bye, and tapped George; and in a moment when he was tapped again he ambled unself-consciously across the floor and cut in on Miggs.

Anne, watching anxiously, for the first time felt a chill touch her regard for her admired and cherished friend. Because Miggs, with a perfectly straight face, was dancing with Quinn in a wooden, one-two-three-four way as she might have with a backward child from dancing school. And Quinn didn't seem to know it; he steamed solemnly along till someone else cut in and, laughing, danced off with Miggs, at which time Quinn tapped Eddie and took Anne back.

"She sure can't dance like you," Quinn said, nodding at Miggs. "Even if she tried," he added mildly. So he had known that she was making fun of him.

"Oh, Quinn, she's a lot better dancer than I am," said Anne. "And better at everything else," she added with a sigh.

Quinn looked down at her in a puzzled way, then patted her back indulgently as if he were 25 or something and she much, much younger than 16. "Okay. She's wonderful, if you say so."

The music straightened out again and became for Anne the nicest music she had heard in a long time, and she and Quinn moved to it like Siamese twins, and then Anne looked across at Miggs and knew suddenly the exact meaning of the words: Her heart turned over. Because hers did. Because now, appearing from somewhere like out of thin air, there was Norm Bissell dancing with Miggs.

With the music ragged to her ears again, Anne looked at the two, by all odds the sleekest and most expert couple on the floor. Miggs was laughing a little and talking a lot, and Norm was glancing at Anne and Quinn and grinning. And then he came over and tapped Quinn.

Anne introduced the two, and there they were, Quinn Miller and Norman Bissell side by side, with Norman's smooth, dark good looks making Quinn look like something just sort of loosely basted together for the evening.

"New boy friend?" said Norman as he danced her smoothly away from Quinn—nobody could dance like Norm. "My rival? I can see now why you crossed me off your list."

Anne looked up at him with more distaste than she had ever thought to feel within herself for Norman. More than when he tilted a flat bottle with furtive nonchalance over the imitation Tom Collines of those who wished to seem more daring than the rest. More than when, lately, he had become too experimental in the back seat of a car. When they had had their row 10 days ago she had thought of it as only temporary. But now . . .

"I keep looking around for Edgar Bergen," said Norman, grinning at Quinn's sun-varnished features across the floor.

"Oh?" said Anne politely. "You mean I should call you Charlie?"

Norman blinked. He had expected laughter from Anne such as he had drawn from Miggs. "You don't get it. I mean—"

"I know," said Anne. "Ha ha."

She looked around worriedly for Quinn. He was back at their table now, not bothering to cut in on anyone, watching her and Norman.

The music stopped and everybody clapped and the orchestra started turning sheets of music for the next dance. "Excuse me," Anne said to Norman, and she left him without a backward glance and started for the table. She didn't want to dance with Norman any more, she wanted to dance with Quinn. She didn't want to dance with anybody else, just Quinn.

A hand caught her arm and stopped her. Miggs. Anne looked at her abstractedly and saw that her idol's dark

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By saying brightly, "Five, sir? Right!

'Bout half-way down, sir, in the centre?"

—P. J. Blackwell.

eyes were gleeful. Miggs had thought of her funny thing to say.

"Tell your friend," she giggled to Anne, "that we all unmask at midnight. It is a mask, isn't it?"

Miggs was taller and huskier than Anne, but it looked for one surprising second as if she was going to be very thoroughly slapped. Her hand dropped in alarm from Anne's tensed arm, but then the second passed and Anne just stared at her and wondered how it was that she had ever cared about the opinions of this pea-brain who didn't know any better than to judge by outer appearances.

She cast around for a retort crushing enough, and couldn't find one, and then remembered a thing she herself had heard which seemed appropriate here.

"Any time I want just looks I'll go hang around a male model agency," she said. "Quinn's the nicest boy you'll ever meet, Miggs Blanchard. And he's nice-looking, too."

She left Miggs gaping and went on to Quinn, and he watched her coming with the slow grin making over his nice, jug-eared face.

The Murdered Midas of Lake Shore

Continued from page 13

neither case was he around to make the initial discoveries.

Their strike that day was the start of the fabulous Lake Shore Mines which by the end of 1949 had produced \$221,629,784 worth of gold and by March, 1950, had paid \$100,300,000 in dividends.

Oakes recorded two claims and wangled the option on an adjoining one for \$100. These three, plus a claim staked by Bill Wright and a fraction of 10 acres, made up Lake Shore.

Lake Shore wasn't just a mine to Oakes; she was his love. He was to find that the love affair demanded sacrifice, devotion, faith, works—and money.

The ore at Tough-Oakes was spectacular but spotty and Oakes decided to get everything he could out of it to plow into the new mine.

Clem Foster, pioneer of the Cobalt silver camp, was brought in and sent off to England to sell stock. The shenanigans that followed make a handbook on chess look simple. The sale of stock brought on a four-way litigation that tied up stock and proceeds for seven years. Because Foster had taken unto himself a secret commission for the sale Oakes insisted on fighting him through court till 1921. He finally collected \$40,000 for fraud—and talked about the swindle for the rest of his life. He even sent cheap reprints of the judgment to 300 or 400 mining friends.

Harry Oakes had faith in Lake Shore but he couldn't convince anyone else. Charles Denison, of Buffalo, wouldn't take it for \$85,000. Noah Timmins, Sir Henry Pellatt and Jack Hammell of LaRose and Pickle Crow Mines, turned it down. The grocer preferred giving outright credit to taking shares at 30c. for supplies. Oakes' assayer wouldn't take part of his salary in stock because he wouldn't gamble on ore he knew was showing only \$1 to \$2 a ton. The mine manager did, and parlayed it into a fortune.

Oakes made sorties every week or so—to Toronto, Haileybury, Montreal, Cobalt, Buffalo—to peddle stock. He offered one of his personal shares for every two treasury shares but found few takers. In 1916 the Northern Miner ran a modest ad for Lake Shore shares at 40c. The shares are now selling for more than \$12. In the 30's they went as high as \$60.

A Contract On Brown Paper

In camp Oakes worked with restless drive, fussing over development plans, building bunkhouses, a shaft house and tool house and the two-story mine office. He even landscaped the camp, leaving natural stands of birch and pine on the point. He loved trees. Some provincial forestry men arrived to cut a fire ring and he met them at the property line threatening to sink an axe into the first man to touch one of his trees.

To the eternal problem of financing, World War I added other problems:

"Dance?" he said, getting up.

"Love to," Anne said dreamily.

She watched the slow withdrawal of the grin. She didn't mind; it was still there, just beneath the surface; and this was only Friday evening and they would have Saturday, Saturday evening, Sunday, and maybe Sunday evening together. ★

getting equipment, power, transportation and labor. Harry stayed at home when Bill Wright went overseas as a millionaire private. Lake Shore needed a mill. They'd been able to develop slowly through sale of stock, a lot of it to Oakes' family, but now they needed a lump sum.

Finally Oakes caught the eye of some Buffalo financiers who already had interests in Kirkland Lake. He brought them up in a private railway car, wine them and dined them and sold them the last 500,000 shares of treasury stock at a 32½c-a-share average. The agreement was signed on a sheet of brown wrapping paper.

The mill was started in 1917. The same year they finally located the No. 2 vein. This was real ore and at last in 1918 Lake Shore paid its first dividend. It has paid them steadily since—\$50.15 per share to date.

There was a strike in 1919 but it was over by fall, the war was over, the mill was in operation and the mine was paying dividends. Harry Oakes had won his mine and he decided to take a trip around the world.

In 1922 he took a second world tour. This time he met tall blue-eyed Eunice McIntyre, daughter of a government servant in Sydney, Australia. She was on her way to England via Portuguese East Africa. Harry met her on shipboard, visited her sister's home in Africa and volunteered to accompany her as far as Capetown when Eunice had to return suddenly to Australia for her father's funeral. He didn't get off the boat at Capetown and by the time they reached Australia they were engaged. They married that June. She was 24, he was 48.

Harry brought his bride to the Chateau on the point at Lake Shore and the children of Swastika collected money for a bouquet for Eunice. The wives of the mining men liked Mrs. Oakes fine.

Ten-cent Poker His Limit

They weren't all as enthusiastic about Harry. He was violent and opinionated. A few of them thought he was a little mad. He would dance off in a shuffle while they were talking to him, and whistle under his breath. He flew into fits of temper and there were stories that he had fired seven men in one day because his skis had not been put where he wanted them. He had certainly got rid of every mine manager he'd had. He'd been known to spit seeds from his hothouse grapes across the room in front of dinner guests.

But he had also given toboggans to the school children at Swastika, skates to the children at Kirkland Lake and "Books of Knowledge" to both. He looked after his men well. He built a greenhouse so they could have fresh vegetables. Everything had to be the best.

In 1924 Oakes bought Walter Schoellkopf's place at Niagara Falls and had it remodeled on Tudor lines. There were paneling from Cardinal Wolsley's room at Hampton Court and a portrait of Sir John A. Macdonald, air conditioning, fireproofing, a water softening unit (the basement looked like the hold of a liner), and a swimming pool. Outside there were a five-hole golf course, a

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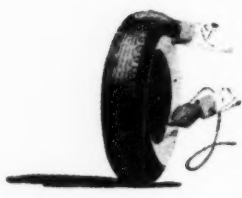


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conservatory which was being moved so it wouldn't spoil the view of the Falls, and elaborate landscaping with lots of trees. The Oakes moved in finally in 1928. After her husband's death Lady Oakes deeded Oak Hall to the federal government.

Harry Oakes had a gold mine, interests in several other mines, and an income of millions. He had a pretty wife and a family. He was a Canadian, naturalized in 1924. He was healthy except for the bronchitis that plagued him chronically. He didn't smoke. He drank very little. He seldom gambled—ten-cent poker was his limit. He kept busy too. He attended directors' meetings, played golf, went to boxing matches, got into the Chamber of Commerce, planted hundreds of trees, and traveled.

Sometimes he went for motor trips with friends, bringing the children along in another car with their governess. More often they visited the widespread estates they were acquiring—15A Kensington Gardens in London, the shooting box in Sussex, The Willows at Bar Harbor, 131 and 151 Barton Avenue in Palm Beach. Sometimes he took the baths at Baden-Baden. Altogether he was away nine months of every year.

Although he was there so seldom he got excited about Niagara Falls. He thought of it as the gateway to Canada and had plans for moving all the factories away from the river bank and making the district into a parkland. He had already bought the Ohio Brass plant opposite Oak Hall and closed it down because the fumes got blown across to him when the wind changed.

Oakes gave the Falls the land for Oakes' Garden Theatre, an athletic field, a parkway and a golf course. He also gave money to the Sanatorium and two days' work to anyone who came asking for it. He would help children and anyone who tried to help himself.

But he couldn't stand panhandlers. One of the reasons he'd come to Niagara Falls was to dodge the people who came to the mine to pester him for money. Now they followed him to Oak Hall. Cars lined the driveway so they finally had to install a gatehouse where the besieging forces could be screened. They scaled walls and accosted Oakes on his tours of the estate. He used to slip out the back way to get to the golf course unmolested. Begging letters came from Canada, Czechoslovakia, Montenegro, India, and all over.

This saddened Oakes and by and by he focused this displeasure on the government. He didn't like being told what to do with his money.

Off to the Bahamas

He was probably the largest single contributor to the public revenues of Canada—maybe \$3 millions a year. He figured he was paying \$17,500 a day to live in Canada. What's more he felt he couldn't afford to die in Canada. Provincial inheritance tax laws provided that stocks be valued at market price on the death of the owner. Liquidation of enough stock to pay the tax could force the market down to a point where the estate would be wiped out. His family would owe the government about \$4 millions, he was told.

Not only did the government take away Harry Oakes' hard-earned money and ignore a plan he cherished for railway amalgamation, but it crossed him up about the senatorship. He backed the Liberals in the 1930 election understanding that he'd get to be a senator. The Liberals lost the election and he lost out on the senatorship.

When Mines Minister Wes Gordon phoned one night to hint that a tax

might be put on producing gold mines Oakes disclosed that he was thinking of leaving Canada.

In 1934 he wound up his affairs and took his family to England. In 1935 he resigned the presidency of Lake Shore and moved to Nassau. There is no income tax in Nassau. He kept control of the mine; holding companies and trust companies took care of that. In fact they took care of everything except his personal estate in the Bahamas.

In Nassau he started in on the same round of land acquisition, landscaping, travel and public works—a bus service and a plane service, a golf course, a polo field, work for the natives. He went shooting in Mexico or Guatemala and gave parties.

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor were his friends. He loaned them his estate while Government House was being prepared for residence. And he saw a lot of Harold Christie, a real-estate dealer.

Chinese Checkers—Then Death

In 1937 he gave \$400,000 to St. George's Hospital in London and \$50,000 more in 1939. In the King's birthday honors that year he got a baronetcy. An enormous oil painting of Oakes in full courtier's gear arrived at Lake Shore soon after to prove that he didn't need a senatorship.

But even in this indolent paradise blows could fall. His eldest daughter—and his favorite—Nancy, just turned 18, ran off and married flamboyant Alfred de Marigny, Mauritian, yachtsman and chicken farmer. He was tall, lean and disillusioned-looking and it was his third marriage. Lady Oakes and Sir Harry changed their wills so that the children wouldn't come into their inheritances until they were 30.

Sir Harry and De Marigny quarreled. One night when young Sydney Oakes was staying at the De Marigny's Oakes appeared "like a madman" and ordered Sydney to leave. De Marigny called Oakes "a stupid old fool who couldn't be reasoned with"; Sir Harry called him "a gigolo or worse."

On July 7, 1943, Sir Harry had a small party. The guests played Chinese checkers until 11 p.m. then everyone but Christie, who was going out with Oakes in the morning to show some newspapermen around the new sheep ranch, left.

When Christie came in at 7 a.m. to waken Sir Harry he found him dead.

De Marigny was arrested the next day. The Crown tried to prove he'd been near Westbourne at the time of the murder. (he'd driven past it taking some dinner guests home, that hair on his arms and face was singed, and that his fingerprint was on a screen that stood by Oakes' bed. Nancy stood by her husband through the trial. When he was acquitted she celebrated with him. She left him soon after and they were divorced in October last year.

The murderer has never been found. Oakes' will was filed for probate in 1944. His personal estate alone amounted to approximately \$13,500,000. Lady Oakes got a third, the five children split the remaining two-thirds. Sydney inherited his father's title. Nassau is still their home base.

Oakes lies buried at his boyhood home in Maine. At the simple funeral the local Universalist minister called him "an international figure whose vast enterprises span the continents." There have been other epitaphs. A miner said of him, "The man that brings in one mine has written his name in Canadian history; but the man that brings in two . . ." And an old prospector said: "In a way he was like Midas. He wanted gold so badly and where did it get him?" ★

What Happens If the Rains Come?

Continued from page 5

tion. I do not claim it was an ideal existence, and certainly there were many people impoverished by sickness which drained their meagre resources in doctors' bills, but it had courage, self-reliance and adventure.

But evolution and revolution often march together. The teachings of that lazy old philosopher, Karl Marx, were bearing fruit and, in Russia especially, it was bitter fruit. Bernard Shaw, the Webbs and Ramsay MacDonald were preaching the Fabian conception of Socialism. The brilliant Lloyd George, when chancellor of the exchequer, declared that the rich must not only pay to the Treasury for living but must also pay for dying. The human conscience was awake. The economist and the politician were weaving new theories, the trade unions were discovering that in numbers there is strength. When the Kaiser's war was over Russia had become a socialized state and never again was the world to know freedom as we had understood the word.

Capitalism was on trial and the prisoner was arrogant. As usual Capitalism put its case badly, for the capacity to make a fortune is seldom allied to the power of intellectual exposition. If the bankers of New York could have commanded words they would have told the people that democracy never existed save as an ideal until Capitalism made it possible. They would have proved that the trouble was not in Capitalism itself but in the abuses thereof.

So there came the crash of 1929 and America's unemployed were numbered by the millions. President Roosevelt decided that the State must intervene and brought in the New Deal.

Everywhere in the world, only differing in degree, the edifice of the all powerful State was rising. In Italy, Russia and Germany the State was absolute. In the U. S., Canada and Great Britain the State was becoming increasingly powerful but the institutions of human freedom had not been destroyed. But there came another war and when it was over Britain embarked upon its vast socialist experiment.

And now, five years later, Sir Stafford Cripps smiles sweetly as he picks up his brief case and walks from the House, having brought in the largest peacetime budget in the history of his country.

There is full employment, wages are higher than ever before, to every man and woman there is free medical and dental treatment (to say nothing of a decent burial), food is subsidized so that the cost will not bear too heavily upon the family budget, there are children's allowances, old-age pensions and national insurance. Fear has been driven away and security has taken its place. Do you wonder that the Socialists cry hallelujah, and wonder why the electorate was so stupid and so ungrateful as nearly to throw them out last February?

But today the ordinary Briton is scratching his head and asking what has gone wrong with a system which seems so basically sound and right. He looks at his pay envelope and compares it favorably with prewar years. He reflects that he is getting all the benefits I have enumerated. Good old Cripps! Soak the rich, that's the game.

To celebrate his good fortune the same ordinary Briton goes to the pub and buys a pint of beer. The unseen fingers of Sir Stafford take fourpence



BRIDGING THE FLOOD

In time of disaster—when flood or fire threaten—the long distance telephone plays a truly humanitarian role.

So it was in Manitoba this Spring. Lines were cleared for flood traffic. Long distance calls handled were as much as 153 per cent above normal in a single day. These were the vital calls which sped assistance to stricken areas . . . calls which brought news and relief to worried friends everywhere.

Handling these calls required the facilities

and cooperation of all units of the TRANS-CANADA TELEPHONE SYSTEM. It required too, the loyal support of employees like those in Morris and Emerson . . . people who worked for weeks in flooded offices clad in hip boots and oilskins.

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from him. Regardless of expense he purchases a package of 20 cigarettes for three shillings and fourpence. Sir Stafford's share of that transaction is two shillings and fourpence.

Still happy, he takes his wife to the cinema and again Sir Stafford exacts his whack in entertainment tax. His wife says they must have a small plain mirror for Nellie. They buy one for 16 shillings. The shop price is eight shillings but Sir Stafford charges 100% purchase tax. But our plain man can get free medical care, that is something. "You don't pay the doctor," says Sir Stafford, "but I have to, so I shall deduct so many pennies a week from your pay packet."

"Where does the money go to?" says the worker as he sits at home and talks it over with his wife. "Blime! Before the war I could go to the pub with one shilling, buy a pint and a package of 10 cigarettes and a newspaper, and still have a penny in my pocket."

Come back to the House of Commons for a moment. It is the last night of the finance debate and the Tory party has paid the compliment of asking a back bencher, Commander Gurney Braithwaite, to wind up for the Opposition. He makes a brilliant speech for he possesses the priceless gift of humor, yet he can punch like a heavyweight. Pointing to Sir Stafford Cripps he sweeps to the climax of his speech:

"I have never met so many black-coated workers who cannot afford a holiday as in this year of grace 1950. We make them contribute to a so-called free medical service but debar them from the health-giving properties of the sea and the moors and the moun-

Blue Sky Blues

I make this dry, dry observation:
The rain stops. Also my vacation.

—Ray Romine

tains. Such was never the intention of parliament. And so frustrated thousands will have to spend the holiday season ruminating in their gardens while the nationalized express trains thunder past half empty. There they will sit—the owners of the railways on which they cannot afford to travel. Thus has Socialism struck resounding blows at the welfare state which can only wither and die unless the load of taxation is so lightened as to enable its harassed citizens to move and breathe."

That picture is true. We must balance against it the low-paid worker who has to go to the hospital for an operation where he will get the best attention and convalescence without it costing him directly a penny. There is the contrast, the other side of the canvas. But is something wrong?

Let us look in at a board meeting of a firm which is one of our chief earners of dollars through its exports. The gross profit for the year is, let us say, 400,000 pounds. They decide to pay a dividend of 200,000 pounds, which represents 7½% on the capital. Nine shillings in the pound is deducted at source and paid direct to the Treasury. The individual shareholder must also pay surtax on the balance of the dividend if his income is above a certain level. That leaves an undistributed profit of 200,000 pounds to carry to reserve for development and essential replacement of plant.

"Oh no you don't," says Sir Stafford.

"You must pay me 10% of your undistributed profits." So another 20,000 pounds are thrown to the rapacious paws of the Treasury.

The directors look at each other and ponder on this new state of affairs. How can you budget for hard times, for slump or recession or a rainy day if you are forced to behave as if there will always be full employment and full production? The strength of Britain in the past was in her savings which poured into the whole world and created overseas investments which ensured her supplies of commodities and opened markets for British goods. Where today will new enterprises find capital if there is no "adventure money" available? The Socialists answer that they can so control the nation's economy that there will be no recession and that therefore the State can spend to the hilt.

If that is true then Socialism has won its battle. But can Britain and the sterling bloc live to themselves alone?

In any country the professional classes do not matter politically because they are not numerous enough; yet they contribute invaluable wealth to the nation in the realm of science, the arts and education. Take an actor who has struggled and starved for years then suddenly attains success—he is taxed unmercifully and can put almost nothing aside for the future.

Sir Stafford Always Wins

The Chancellor of the Exchequer is, in fact, like a farmer who takes a basket of grain to feed the chickens. He throws the grain to the chickens and then rushes among them to see how much of it he can get back. If he gets it all back the system is perfect, except that the chickens starve to death.

I shall end this letter with the strange story of two men, Sir John Black and Mr. L. P. Lord who are responsible for building up two of the largest motor-car industries in Britain. Anxious to reward them and also to ensure that each would remain with his company the shareholders voted them both 100,000 pounds worth of shares as a gift, on condition that they pledged themselves never to work for any rival firm.

Now what is the basis of the actual transaction? In each case the shareholders parted with shares worth 100,000 pounds but, as the recipients would have to pay not only income tax but surtax on the dividends, the chancellor is actually the gainer in revenue. But what did Sir Stafford do? He brought in retroactive legislation which made the gifts taxable as payments and then collected 95,000 pounds from both Black and Lord, leaving each of them 5,000 pounds. In other words there is now no system by which a firm can reward an employee for outstanding services or ensure he will not work for a competitor. To me it does not make sense, but then I may be lacking the modern viewpoint.

In Britain today the chancellor takes nearly half of the entire national income. To the modern Rockefellers, Beaverbrooks and Nuffields he says: "You can build an industrial empire if you like but I warn you that if you lose you lose and that if you succeed you will not be allowed to keep the profits. To you the loss, to me the gain."

In your country you have no doubt seen the same tendencies at work. Elections now will be nothing but bribery—that is, it will be nothing but politicians bribing the people with their own money. And if the people prefer it that way then so shall it be.

But I wonder what will happen if the rains come. ★

MAILBAG

The Country Minister Answers His Critics

"Country Minister" would like to terminate the long series of letters, bouquets and brickbats thrown at Maclean's, June Callwood and himself resulting from the article of the same name which appeared in June 1 issue.

As a result of the article real blessing has come to many. Letters have been received of a most uplifting and encouraging character, from clergymen and laymen alike, from the U.S.A. and Canada, from coast to coast . . . The subject of the article was sought out for Christlike purposes by sick and dying, young and old, Jew and Gentile . . . More good has been accomplished, surely, as a result of the printing of this article than anyone knows, and Maclean's is to be commended for giving the rural ministry such a lift.

Yet there are those who have complained, some most bitterly and acidly, some very uncharitably and unwisely. Country Minister therefore wishes to state:

First, the article was written to give an over-all unbiased impression of the work of the rural ministry. Why the minister concerned was selected or who selected him he still does not know, nor was he happy to be selected, but he was given to understand that the Moderator had approved the interview and that the United Church authorities thought it would be a good idea, coming out as it did at the time of the commemoration of the 25th anniversary of union. He was not given the privilege of reading what was written or of making any deletions or corrections . . . Country Minister received nothing for having been the subject of the article and he gave nothing to become such . . .

Second, those few who have expressed themselves adversely certainly have that freedom and privilege but surely, as Christians, they should do so without sarcasm and cynicism, self-righteousness and pride, and, above all, in all Christian charity . . .

Third, your Country Minister is a lover of the souls of men. His attitude toward men does not change because of their habits nor does he believe the moderator's should, or would. Those who so misinterpret their moderator's love for his fellowmen surely must not know their moderator. Christ dies for our sins, not our virtues, and He loved us in spite of those sins. Could the leader of our church, in the human sense, do less and still be the leader? . . . This is what Country Minister believes June Callwood had in mind when she paid our moderator the compliment she did. It is a pity the wording of her thought was so readily misunderstood and misinterpreted and it seems it was on the part of those who should know better . . .

Fourth and last, Country Minister is an average individual, as human as the rest, but he does not like self-righteousness and a "holier-than-thou" attitude any more than does the lumberjack, the miner, the businessman or the soldier, no matter from what source it may come. He does not drink, not even a little bit, not even occasionally, and he made himself clear on that point, but even if he did the following excerpt from a letter received a few

days ago would still be most uncharitable, unwise, self-righteous and unwarranted: "... I would be inclined to suggest that you withdraw from your ministry until you had a better understanding of Christ and Paul." Country Minister feels that his understanding of Christ and Paul is as legitimate and his own call as genuine as that of any other minister of Jesus Christ and he feels that personalities ought not to have entered into an interpretation of the article.

In conclusion, my sincere thanks to all who have written so kindly and thanks to Maclean's for having given me the opportunity to speak the truth of God for all who care to read and ponder. Here let the matter rest.—Eldridge Currey, Acton, Ont.

Ridicule for Health?

Health is not a thing to ridicule, and Mr. Norris' cartoon (Baby Clinic, July 15) was just such a picture. The material used might be that of 40 years ago and not the modern "Well Baby Clinic" of today. These publicly accepted organizations are housed in



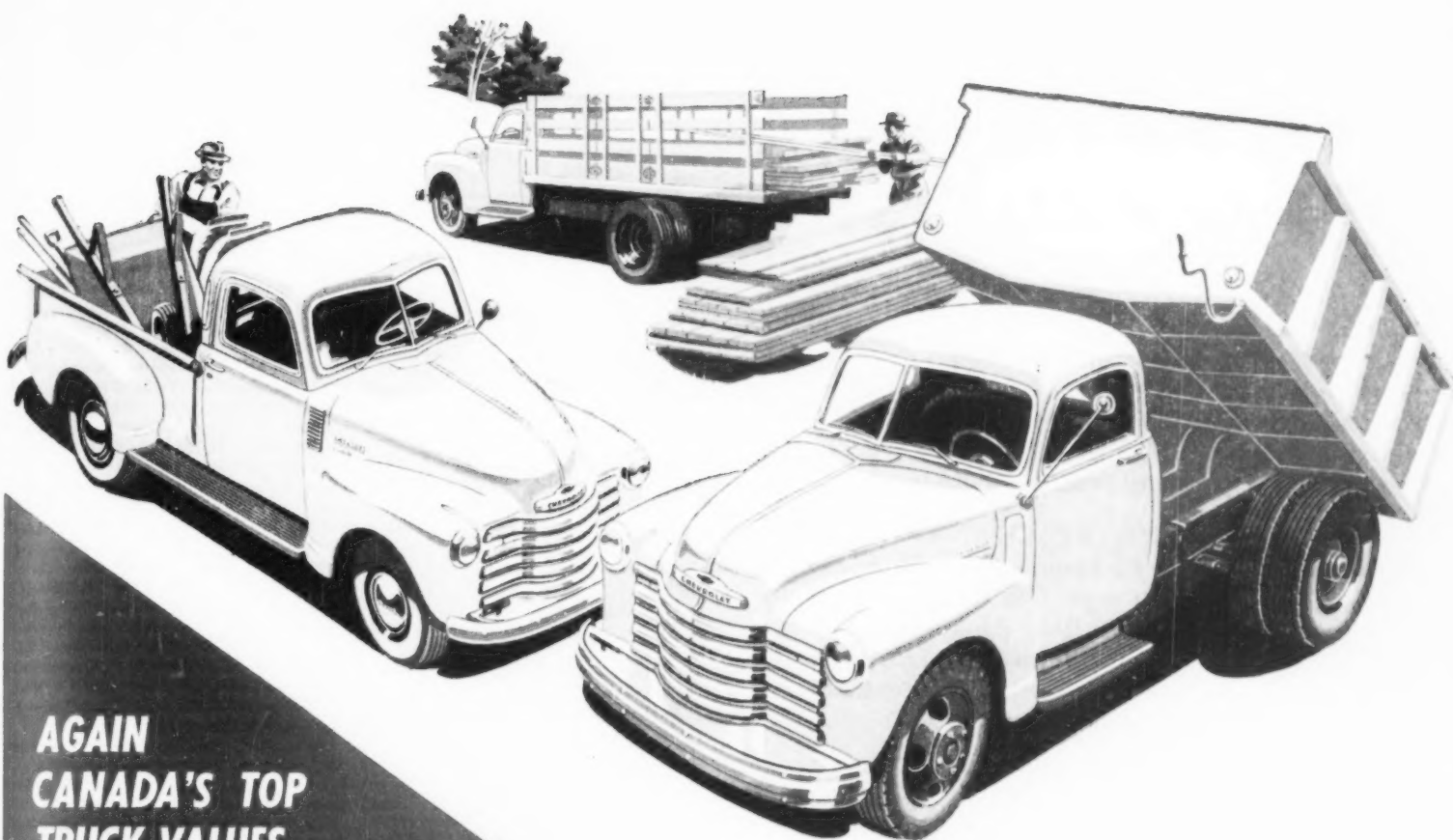
clean quarters. The smartly dressed young mother of today's clinic cannot help but gasp at the untidy grandmothers who represent "the mothers."—A Public Health Nurse, Montreal.

● One can't have a clear conscience as mother of a growing family with any paper or publication any more. Take the article, "Painless Childbirth" (July 15), also the sketch Baby Clinics especially at left foreground, as well as the cover, etc., etc. How can we protect our children, especially female any age?—Mrs. A. Huot, Massey, Ont.

"A Real Privilege"

As the widow of a man who was impotent I think your article "The Truth About Impotence," May 15) was all wonderfully true and informative.

During the years when my husband was living we were unable to get very much information on this failing even from doctors. And I think Maclean's are tops for publishing this fortnight article in plain language for the information of those who are afflicted and those near to them. To me it was a privilege to read the information given.—C.M.M., Calgary.



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WHAT'S IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MACLEAN'S?

THE GREAT WOMEN'S HAIR MYSTERY. Robert Thomas Allen, the man who *likes* to fight with his wife, gets lost in the jungle of jargon surrounding that bewitching stuff women are seldom satisfied with and never satisfied without. He doesn't know a pompadour from a permanent, a bell-bang from a boy-bob.

LES LEAR: STRAIGHT, PLACE AND—? The fiery coach of Calgary's Stampeders took home the Grey Cup his first year. On his second try he beat all but the Alouettes. This season — what? Jim Coleman tells the razzle-dazzle story of Butch Lear, rubbing the smell of liniment and new leather into his snappy sporty style.

A BILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF JUNK. Everybody's got junk lying around of some sort or another but it took eagle-eyed free-lance Grattan Gray to see a story in the trash heap. He found, for instance, that your old inner tubes make over into fine girdles.

THE BIRTH OF A SONG HIT. James Dugan gets in on the ground floor and learns how Howie Richmond, breaking all the rules of Tin Pan Alley, started "Goodnight Irene" on the path to the hit parade. This smash hit was written by a convict. But Richmond, who published "Music, Music, Music," was certain certain you'd be singing it this fall.

THE MENACE OF THE FLYING HUNTER. Fred Bodsworth is out gunning for the air-borne nimrods who flip into the last wildernesses in private planes to slaughter our game on their home range. He wants a tighter checkup so that wardens get an even break.

SOMETHING NEW. Clyde Gilmour, nationally known movie reviewer, conducts a new department — **MACLEAN'S MOVIES.** This honest, personal-opinion motion picture guide, which begins in the issue you're reading now, becomes a regular feature.

REGULAR HIGHLIGHTS including Beverley Baxter's **LONDON LETTER**, Blair Fraser's **BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA**, **CROSS COUNTRY**, **PARADE**, and **MAILBAG** will all appear.

**All This in Maclean's Sept. 15
On Sale Sept. 13**

Mackenzie King As I Knew Him

Continued from page 8

total war effort, it offered a barely tolerable minimum. On French Canada, violently opposed to conscription and furious that the pledges against it should be broken or even modified, it imposed a barely tolerable minimum. Neither side liked it; both put up with it.

Whatever you may think of Mr. King's manpower formula there is no doubt what he thought of it himself. He thought it was an achievement. I believe he regarded the conscription crisis of 1944, and his own feat of coming through it with a reasonably intact cabinet and a vote of confidence from parliament, as the triumphant climax of his whole career.

Tough, Hard As Nails

If that crisis showed his skill as a compromiser it also showed another of his qualities—ruthlessness. That never came out more clearly than in his treatment of the late Col. J. L. Ralston.

Grant Dexter, editor of the Winnipeg Free Press and an intimate friend of Col. Ralston, published an account of this incident when Col. Ralston died in May, 1948. He referred to Mr. King's announcement that Col. Ralston had "resigned," and went on:

What actually happened is without precedent in this country. Mr. King dismissed Col. Ralston while the cabinet was in session and while both men were seated at the council table. He simply said that the colonel would no longer be the Minister (of National Defense) and that General McNaughton would take over.

Thereupon Col. Ralston rose, walked around the table, shaking hands with the men who had been his colleagues, and walked out of the East Block a private

member. He did not shake hands with the Prime Minister. He did not become a seceder, like many others, but from that day forward he never had respect or attention for Mr. King.

Another colleague, who had a great deal of respect and affection for Mr. King, said, "Don't be misled by appearances. The public thinks this man is flabby, weak, indecisive. In fact he is tough, hard as nails, and absolutely ruthless when he wants to be."

It's a paradox, one of the many in his complex character, that this "tough, hard, ruthless" man should also be the Great Conciliator, a genius at bringing men of opposite views together and composing their differences.

When he was deputy minister of labor he handled about 40 industrial disputes; only two developed into strikes. Working for the Rockefeller Foundation during World War I he smoothed out labor troubles in several of the biggest war plants in the United States.

His book "Industry and Humanity," if rewritten into less ponderous prose, could still be used as a textbook in personnel relations.

To the end of his days Mr. King considered himself a radical; nothing annoyed him more than people who thought there was no difference between the Liberal and Conservative Parties. About five years ago a friend of mine introduced to him David Lewis, then national secretary of the CCF.

"I'm very glad to meet you," said Mr. King. "You know, we ought to be in the same party. All the progressive people should be together."

Take a look at the King records: Fair Wages Resolution, 1898 (to forbid sweatshop practices on government contracts; this was introduced as a result of Mackenzie King's articles in the Toronto Mail and Empire); Railway Disputes Act, 1903. Industrial Disputes Investigation Act, 1907. Bill



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to establish eight-hour day on public works, 1910 (Mr. King introduced it and it passed the Commons but the Senate killed it). Combines Investigation Act, 1922. Old Age Pension Act, 1927. Unemployment Insurance Act, 1940. It may have taken a long time, but it adds up to a lot.

Here's a paradox again, though. This man who spent so many years improving the lot of the working man was, himself, a very hard man to work for. He was the first Canadian statesman to seek legislation for an eight-hour day, but he worked his own staff like galley slaves, night after night.

To some extent he could plead necessity; after all, a prime minister has to be busy, especially in wartime. But he had a total disregard for a man's family obligations or private plans; nothing mattered but work.

At the same time he required his staff to be very considerate of him—not just efficient, but obsequious. One young secretary fell permanently out of favor when he failed to turn up to welcome the prime minister home from a journey. When the same man forgot to see him off on the occasion of the next trip he very nearly lost his job.

Yet this same Mackenzie King, notorious as a hard master, was famous for acts of consideration and kindness, even to the merest acquaintances.

One Christmas Eve not long ago a couple who knew Mr. King only moderately well came home to find a large bunch of flowers on their doorstep, with Mr. King's card. Christmas morning the P.M. himself rang up: "I was so sorry not to find you in when I took those flowers over last night. I'd got so many I didn't know what to do with them all so I made up a few bunches and took them around to friends."

Not long ago he gave an interview to

a visitor from out of town who'd lost his wife a few months before. The visitor didn't know Mr. King very well and it was no surprise to him that Mr. King made no mention of his bereavement. Next morning, by special messenger, came a hand-written letter from Mackenzie King, two pages long. Mr. King hadn't known of his visitor's tragic loss, had learned of it only after the man had left. Then followed a message of condolence which was a masterpiece of good taste and genuine sympathy.

Mackenzie King Speaking

In 1943 a Conservative editor, who'd fought Mackenzie King continuously and bitterly for 30 years or more, got word that his son was missing in action overseas. It happened during the first Quebec Conference with Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt. At midnight the telephone rang; it was Mr. King calling from Quebec to express his sympathy and concern.

This was one situation where his thoughtfulness was absolutely unflinching; it extended to friend and foe. His heart went out to any acquaintance, however slight, who'd suffered any bereavement, however remote or even trivial.

I once owned an Irish terrier that ran off and got lost. I put an ad in the paper, stating the breed of the dog and giving my name and phone number. About 10.30 that evening the phone rang.

"Fraser? This is Mackenzie King speaking. Have you found your dog?"

That was the only personal call I ever got from Mr. King and I was more than surprised, I was astounded. For weeks I kept it dark, thinking it might have been some Press Gallery wag with a gift for mimicry. But when I finally

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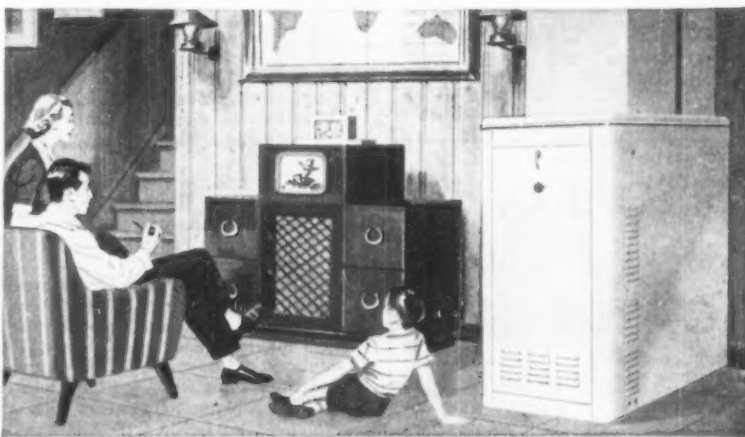


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plucked up courage to tell one of his secretaries about it he said, "Oh, that was the P.M. all right. He does that kind of thing all the time."

On the Monday after Mr. King died the Ottawa Citizen alone carried seven by-lined stories by different staff reporters, all on the theme "I knew Mackenzie King." The degree of acquaintance varied a good deal, but all these stories are absolutely genuine. Mr. King wasn't the hermit he was painted.

Except for his old friend Senator Charlie Bishop, who'd known him as a green young deputy minister in 1900, he had no intimates among reporters here. But the rest of us did see a bit of him from time to time, in spite of our constant moans about how seldom he met the Press.

We didn't see him casually or easily. Mr. St. Laurent can be buttonholed as readily as any other minister. He walks alone to work every day, often goes alone to lunch at the Rideau Club and sits at the nearest club table that has a vacant chair. Mr. King never did things like that. We saw him by appointment, and rarely.

But when a reporter did get a private interview Mr. King treated him as a guest. Often the appointment would be at Laurier House, for tea in that famous top-floor study. If you were especially lucky it might even be out at Kingsmere (that never happened to me, but it has to some people). Or it might be just a brief chat in the office at the House of Commons or the East Block. Wherever it was Mr. King always behaved like a host, never like a busy executive.

If the talk was off record, as it usually was, Mr. King would sometimes talk with astonishing frankness. I remember one time in his last year as prime minister; a colleague had just brought in a highly controversial measure. Mr. King, as head of the government, was just as much responsible for it, in theory, as the sponsoring minister, but he said quite bluntly that the whole thing was a great mistake.

"I don't blame the minister so much, I blame his officials," the Old Master said. "You know, Fraser, ministers listen far too much to their advisers nowadays. That's something I learned not to do when I first went into Sir Wilfrid's Cabinet . . ." and he drifted off into anecdotes of political life 40 years before.

Friendless? Yes and No

To meet Mr. King at close range like that, to listen to him talk, was to realize the charm he had and to know why he was such a forceful personality at international gatherings. In public he was both cold and dull. In 50 years of practice he never learned to read well from a prepared text; his oratory, on these formal occasions, was usually stiff and artificial. Privately he was just the opposite. His public speeches were all wrapped up in cocoons of qualification and reservation; his private talk was blunt, forthright and memorable.

He could be very witty, too. The funniest, the best, and in a curious way the most moving speech I ever heard him make was at the Press Gallery dinner in 1948, when he told us for the first time his full plans for retirement. For the first 15 or 20 minutes he gave a burlesque of himself—first an ambiguous sentence, then a demonstration of all the fantastic meanings editorial writers would read into it. We all laughed until our sides ached.

And then, almost imperceptibly, he grew serious. I don't remember what he said, and it was all off the record anyway, but I do remember the quiet that fell on a rather rowdy and bibulous

audience and the ovation he got when he sat down.

No man who could talk like that would ever lack invitations, even if he weren't the prime minister. Mr. King would have been a welcome guest anywhere.

So in that sense the picture of him as a friendless man is quite false. He had hundreds. I saw the heaps of his mail on his 75th birthday; baskets and baskets of it from all over the world.

Still, it is significant that he was sensitive on this point. Nothing hurt his feelings as much as the statement, often printed, that he was a man with few friends. It hurt because, in a different but very real way, there was some truth in it. I don't think many people were really close to Mr. King, or he to them.

Partly it was the penalty of his job. When the late Robert Manion became Conservative leader in 1938 Mr. King invited him out to Kingsmere and offered him just one piece of advice: "Try not to see too many people. There is nothing more fatiguing. You must ration very carefully the number of people you see each day, or you can't carry on as a party leader."

Partly, too, it was his own choice. Some years ago, talking to a Liberal official of gregarious habit, Mr. King said, "You're seeing people too much. I've always found I can control people better if I don't see too much of them."

Partly it may have been the impact of bereavement, for Mr. King wasn't always thus remote. In his first years in Ottawa he had a dear friend and departmental assistant, Henry Albert Harper. They had been friends in college; in Ottawa in the new Labor Department they worked together, roomed together, walked and talked interminably together. Harper was drowned in 1901, trying to rescue a girl who fell through the ice; King later wrote a memorial to him called the

"Secret of Heroism," which showed just how deep and close their friendship had been. One passage reads:

Harper and his friend (King) had ledings in common and his diary is full of mention of the evenings they spent together in company with books, from which each in turn read aloud to the other, and which were laid aside only that a deeper searching of the heart might follow, accompanied by pledges of mutual loyalty and resolve, long after the embers had burned out upon the hearth, and all things were in the sacred keeping of the night.

In his latter years Mr. King had no friendships that close. It's usually said, and I think rightly, that the Rt. Hon. Ernest Lapointe was the closest friend he ever had among cabinet colleagues. Mr. King used to call Mr. Lapointe "Ernest." But Mr. Lapointe, to his dying day, never called the prime minister anything but "Mr. King."

That's why there were few mourners in the nearest, deepest personal sense when he died. Most of his immediate family were already dead and so were the old dear friends. Of those still living, the men who'd been closest to him physically were the very men who knew how far he had kept himself away from them.

Nevertheless, he was mourned.

While his body lay in state in the Hall of Fame a friend of mine overheard a mother who'd brought her little boy to see him. The child didn't know who Mackenzie King was; the mother was trying to tell him.

"He was a great prime minister," she said, "and he was prime minister longer than anybody ever was before. He did great things for Canada. The things he did will make Canada a better place for you to grow up in. He was . . ."

Quite suddenly she stopped talking and began to cry, and then she turned and went away.

Of all the millions of words poured out in tribute to Mackenzie King none gave him surer promise of immortal memory. ★

GAZE AND DAZE

He swore he could not comprehend

The wasted hour she would spend

Before the store's show windows were inspected,

Forgetting with what fascination

He watched an hour's excavation

Of the ground on which that building was erected,

—Charles Waranow.

Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 4

Some years ago a local wit remarked, "After the first war we got the Statute of Westminster; what we need after the second war is a Statute of Washington." This remark is being quoted with approval these days.

Americans were not much impressed by this argument. "Largely at Canada's insistence," one of them pointed out, "the soldiers in Korea are not an American army, they're a United Nations army. They all happen to be Americans, but that's not our fault." This answer has so much force that Ottawa now is thinking in terms of far greater contribution than was ever contemplated at the start.

However, there's a second point that

has nothing to do with national sensibilities. It's simple and blunt: We need our troops at home.

This force was planned as the minimum required to deal with air-borne raids which, for all we know, may have been grossly underestimated. Ottawa thought this was no time to cut our defenses to zero.

Americans pooh-poohed that one, too. "What good are three or four battalions to defend a continent? If you got into real trouble we'd have to do the job for you anyway. Why not send the troops you've got to Korea where we're in a real jam and every man counts?"

Ottawa's reply is a simple denial. According to the best professional advice we have our little force is big enough to deal with the only kind of invasion the Russians could mount—a

paratroop raid or something like it. With things as they are no one can tell when it'll be needed in a dreadful hurry. "I'm convinced that public opinion wouldn't allow us to send away all our operational defense forces," one cabinet minister said. "But even if the public would tolerate it our chiefs of staff would not. They'd all resign."

To Canadians, though not to Americans, Ottawa wisecracks will also explain what an incredible piece of strategic mismanagement the Korean campaign was. They can make a pretty good case.

When Mike Pearson was in Tokyo on his way home from Ceylon last January American military experts spent quite a bit of time expounding to him, with the aid of maps, how useless Korea was for the strategic purposes of either side and what folly it would be to try to defend it. There was nothing secret in this American opinion; Dean Acheson, the Secretary of State, had just given a similar exposition in a public speech. That was why Americans had pulled all their soldiers out of Korea some time before and solemnly warned the South Korean Government that it was on its own.

Then, having carefully prepared for inaction, the U.S. suddenly decided on action in Korea. It committed itself to an enterprise which, from the purely military point of view, is regarded in Ottawa as foolhardy in the extreme.

After one of these explanations a listener asked, "If that's the way Canada felt why didn't we say so? Why did we come out within 24 hours with pious hurrahs of unqualified approval?"

Answer: We had to support them once they'd started.

Question: Support them verbally, but not physically, you mean?

Answer: Come now, we're supporting them physically too, but we're going to be sensible about it and not lose our heads.

Official circles add that these dim views of the whole Korean show "haven't influenced our thinking at all" in determining Canada's role.

That still leaves the question, "What do we do now?" Admit for the sake of argument that we couldn't be of any real help in Korea—does this mean we shouldn't do anything? That "holidays as usual" is a suitable motto for autumn, 1950?

Even before the date of the session was fixed, Cabinet was earnestly considering plans to recruit a Canadian contingent for a United Nations force, plans for complete industrial mobilization, plans for putting Canada on what would virtually be a war footing.

Ottawa's doing a bit more than you might think. Plans are going forward to spend another \$50 millions at least on top of the \$425 millions now allotted for defense. Parliament at a fall session will probably approve a whole new defense program. Aircraft output has been doubled; the ceiling has been taken off recruiting in all three services.

But to some people it still looks pretty half-hearted. The Korean war began June 25; Brooke Claxton and Hughes Lapointe, the Solicitor-General, made their first radio appeal for recruits on July 20. What was the point of waiting four weeks? Why couldn't Cabinet have decided on a recruiting program, at least, in the first week?

Even if Canada's part in a UN police force does become substantial and a cause for pride we lost a lot of ground that we didn't need to lose. All along the line Canadian action has been made to look even smaller, even later than it was. ★

WIT AND WISDOM

More Audience Participation:—The trouble with truth, honesty and the rest of the virtues is that their admirers outnumber their practitioners. —*Trail Daily Times.*

Snare Delusion:—A public relations man says his job is really beating paths to his clients' doors so that the public will think his clients are making better mousetraps. —*Toronto Star.*

Slipknot:—Our feeling about those Reno divorces is that they'll do for people who weren't especially married in the first place. —*Calgary Herald.*

Returned Without Interest:—When somebody borrows a book and returns it, that is true literary criticism. —*Calgary Herald.*

Telling Point:—Character is what you are, reputation is what you get caught at. —*Port Moody, B.C., Advance.*

Flight Check:—Never let a difficulty stop you; it may be only sand on your track to prevent skidding. —*Niagara Falls Review.*

Basic Smugness:—Nothing crushes a person's laurels quicker than resting on them. —*Guelph Mercury.*

Quarto Length Behind:—The village orchestra had just rehearsed the overture for the sixth time.

"Thank you," said the composer, who was also the conductor. "At last you have given me a true interpretation of my work."

"Gee," whispered the man with the trombone, "that's queer, I've got two pages to play yet." —*Windsor Star.*

The Eyes Have It:—Feeling a little belligerence coming on, a guy with a glass eye took out the eye and put it in his mouth for safety, with the result that no sooner had somebody made a good swipe at him than he swallowed it. His friends rushed him to the nearest medico.

The doctor shoved a long instrument with a light on the end down the patient's gullet. Suddenly the doctor passed out cold.

When they revived him he seemed worse off than the patient.

"Good grief!" he said, "I've looked into hundreds of stomachs in my time, but that's the first one that ever looked back at me!" —*Galt Reporter.*

JASPER

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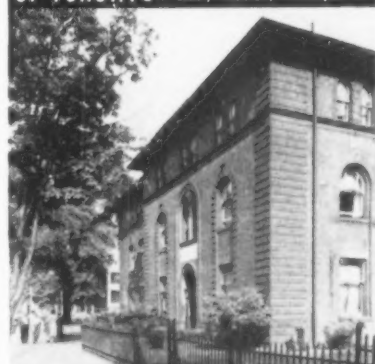
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In the Editors' Confidence

THE EXCLUSIVE picture below is a likeness of James Dugan, a puckish begoggled word-minstrel whose afternoon with Danny Kaye is reported Dugan-fashion on page 16. Dugan tells us that the picture was taken at the Petit Club Français in London, and that it shows him taking a public opinion poll on the subject, "Shall We Give the Chinese the Secret of Gunpowder?" Normally, Dugan lives in a walkup



New Yorker Dugan is strictly the indoor type.

on 94th St., New York, but he was in London a semester or so ago to research such Maclean's articles as Giles the Cartoonist and The Story of Cupard.

"Dugan was born in Altoona, Penna., with a tin spoon in his mouth," his official biography reads. "Edited humor mag Froth at Penn State, was then a cartoonist, has since gone straight. Staff correspondent with U. S. Army magazine Yank in Europe. Since the war writes for all kinds of magazines. Married Minnesota girl he met in Europe; has tomcat named Old Bailey. Owns French stereopticon machine he prefers to television. Is a lover of the Great Indoors."

●One of the facts in the Danny Kaye story was not supplied by Dugan, keen researcher though he is. That's the item about Kaye getting \$50,000 for his stint at the

Ex. This was unearthed by our Miss Barbara Moon, a willowy brunette who is office legman, or, to be exact, leg woman. (For evidence, see below.) It is her job to dig up additional facts when we think they're needed.

As assistant to the article editor, Barbara also screens unsolicited manuscripts, handles the Toronto end of Cross Country, puts Wit and Wisdom together and takes a preliminary look at subjects we think might make articles. One such preliminary look ended up as a full-length piece by Barbara herself and a good job it is, too—as you'll see by looking on page 12.

An English honors graduate and prize winner from University of Toronto, Miss Moon joined our staff as a stenographer in June, 1948, at 21. She made coffee for the article editor, filed manuscripts, learned to type and before we knew it she was a writer. She refuses to say whether or not she seeks a career or marriage on the grounds this might incriminate her but she has condescended to allow us to publish her telephone number which is ADelaide 5981. If a man answers, that's Gerry Anglin, assistant editor, who shares the office with her.

●The face of Clyde Gilmour, no stranger to Maclean's, peers from above "Maclean's Movies" on page 2. A movie critic for the CBC's Sunday night "Critically Speaking" and for the Vancouver Sun, Gilmour has become a cinematic expert. His form chart will appear regularly in this magazine and will report on most of the movies showing at your neighborhood theatre.



KEN BELL
Fact-finder Moon
uses her head...



... and her legs.



FRANKLIN ARBUCKLE found he had to use a fair slice of artistic license in the background of this cover about the Canadian National Exhibition. He visited the Ex last season, making preliminary sketches, but had trouble making the background look authentic. "I found that by taking one particular spot the impression of the crowded Ex as a whole was lacking," he explains. So he jammed the Prince's Gate, ferris wheel, government dome and grandstand all into the one picture. Artistic license or not, the result still looks authentic to us.

PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

AN OTTAWA girl and her boy friend spent an afternoon swimming at Lakeside Gardens, just outside Ottawa, then stayed on for dinner and dancing. It being a hot night, along about 11.30 they began to feel like another plunge. When they found the bathing houses closed the boy headed well off into a dark and distant grove of trees while the girl used the powder room to change.

Swim over, the girl was slightly shaken to find the powder room had closed and, there being still plenty of folks strolling about, she was at a dead loss for an alternate dressing station till finally she spotted an outdoor phone booth. Her mental blessings on Alexander Graham Bell lasted only until she closed the door of the booth, whereupon it was flooded by an overhead light which lit her up as though she were on stage. The light was locked in behind a grill, too. We're glad to say she finally got home with her modesty unsullied, though. There was a second phone booth and the lamp had burned out.

An American tourist walked into a restaurant in Lakefield, Ont., where a waitress quickly took his order for a chocolate milk shake. Everything went with brisk efficiency until she came to pour it into a glass, an act she performed with drop-by-drop deliberateness.

When the visitor asked sarcastically why the sudden slow-motion act



the girl replied in a rather hurt tone that "a fly dropped into the can and I'm trying to grab it before it gets into your glass."

Vancouver is cracking down on jaywalkers but one elderly and absent-minded gent didn't profit at all from being hauled into court. His was the first case heard by brand-new Deputy Magistrate Walter Firkin in his first court and, observing a hoary judicial tradition about first cases, the magistrate dismissed the jaywalking charge. Trouble was the old fellow before him was so deaf he

didn't appreciate his good fortune at all and, as he trailed a friend out of the courtroom, he was heard to chortle: "Don't know what I said that did it, but I beat the rap!"

Fletcher's Field in Montreal has 12 baseball diamonds, seldom less than 24 teams of an evening and hordes of spectators. The only thing in short supply is bleacher seats so



that the crowds are always eddying in and out across the baselines. In the midst of a close game at Diamond 4 the other night a line drive bowled over a 10-year-old enthusiast who lay not only motionless but unnoticed because the ump's cry of "Foul baww!" provoked a near riot by the team at bat.

The argument still raged when the batter seemed to notice the victim for the first time. There was a hush as he raced over to drop on one knee beside the still unconscious boy. "Kid! Kid!" cried the clout artist in some anguish, loosening the lad's shirt collar and fanning him until finally he opened his eyes. "When the ball hit you, kid—were you standing foul or fair?"

We've heard tell that Calgary's success has given some Edmontonites an inferiority complex but we're glad to report that something, presumably the oil boom, has cured that—at least in the younger generation. This was demonstrated when some stray bit of family conversation involved an Edmonton mother in explaining the different standard time zones across Canada to her barely school-age daughter. "Toronto and Hamilton are ahead of us," she said by way of example, "and Victoria is behind us."

"Isn't it nice, mummy," the young thing beamed, "that Edmonton is just right?"

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



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